THE BYSTANDER
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DECEMBER 24, 1930

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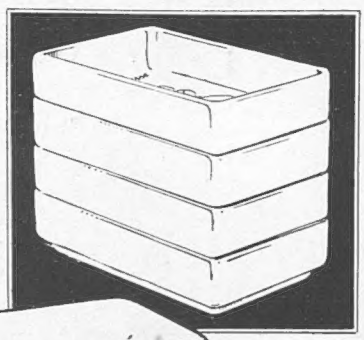

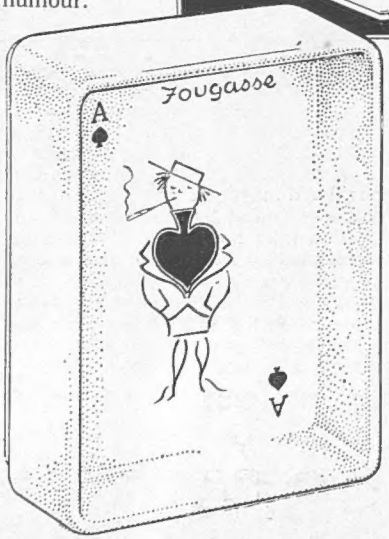

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The Bystander, December 24, 1930

No. 1410. Vol. CVIII

The BYSTANDER

MISS MOLLY LE BAS

Wearing the striking head-dress in which she will be seen at the annual Chelsea Arts Ball. It will take place at the Royal Albert Hall on New Year's Eve

PRETTY ARTISTS' MODELS at the CHELSEA ARTS BALL

Left : Miss Eileen Hawthorne posing in Mr. Alfred Haywood's studio in the attractive dress she will wear at the Chelsea Arts Club Ball on New Year's Eve

Right : Miss Gwen Clare, another lovely model, in the mediæval dress she will wear at the forthcoming Albert Hall revel

Some more attractive artists' models in the dresses they will wear at the Chelsea Arts Club's annual ball at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve. On the left are seen two models photographed in Mr A. Egerton Cooper's studio, and on the right Miss Marita Ross is shown in the striking Spanish dress in which she will appear

An exhibition of fancy skating by "Charlotte," Queen of the Ice, and her partner. They are seen on the rink at Arosa, where the winter sports season is now in full swing

Topical

THE PASSING HOUR

CHRISTMAS is here, and Members of Parliament are scattering to all quarters for the usual recess. Switzerland will claim some. Others are having shooting parties. Some are going on Mediterranean cruises. Some are staying in London. Some are going to the Riviera. One or two are visiting India or Egypt. I have even heard of a few stalwarts who are actually going to nurse their Constituencies.

Absent Snow

CAROLS have been heard in Mayfair and Belgravia, and Pimlico, too, no doubt—for several days past. "Good King Wenceslas" has been wheezed out on harmonicas. Ragged little girls and complacent little boys have sung "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing" as snuffily as ever. But still it is difficult to realise that it really is Christmas this week. The weather has been altogether too mild. Some golfer or other reports seeing gnats less than ten days ago a few miles from London. And altogether the weather, at the time of writing, is quite unseasonable.

Fox Photos

The Crown Prince of Italy, who is a very keen ski-er, has been enjoying sport now that the first snows have fallen. He is seen setting out for an expedition in the Italian Alps

Low Prices

THE shops, however, can report a real spate of Christmas buying. In the book section of a big establishment in Oxford Street they have been taking £1,000 a day. Authors and publishers will be glad to hear this. Other departments in the stores have been doing marvellously. This is quite the cheapest Christmas since 1914. The prices charged for everything are definitely pre-War. I could tell you of furs and rugs, hats, perfumes, and every type of Christmas present that are being sold at ridiculous figures all over London. Things are so cheap that the slump is automatically past its worst stages.

Tips at Home and Abroad

IN England we are all accustomed to the postman who asks for his Christmas box. Members of clubs in St. James's and Pall Mall have given their guineas or fivers to the club servants' Christmas fund. But despite all grumbles, we are far better off than the inhabitants of Paris when December 25 comes round. For there the number of Christmas boxes demanded are too numerous to be funny. Not only do the postmen expect and receive tips, but also tele-

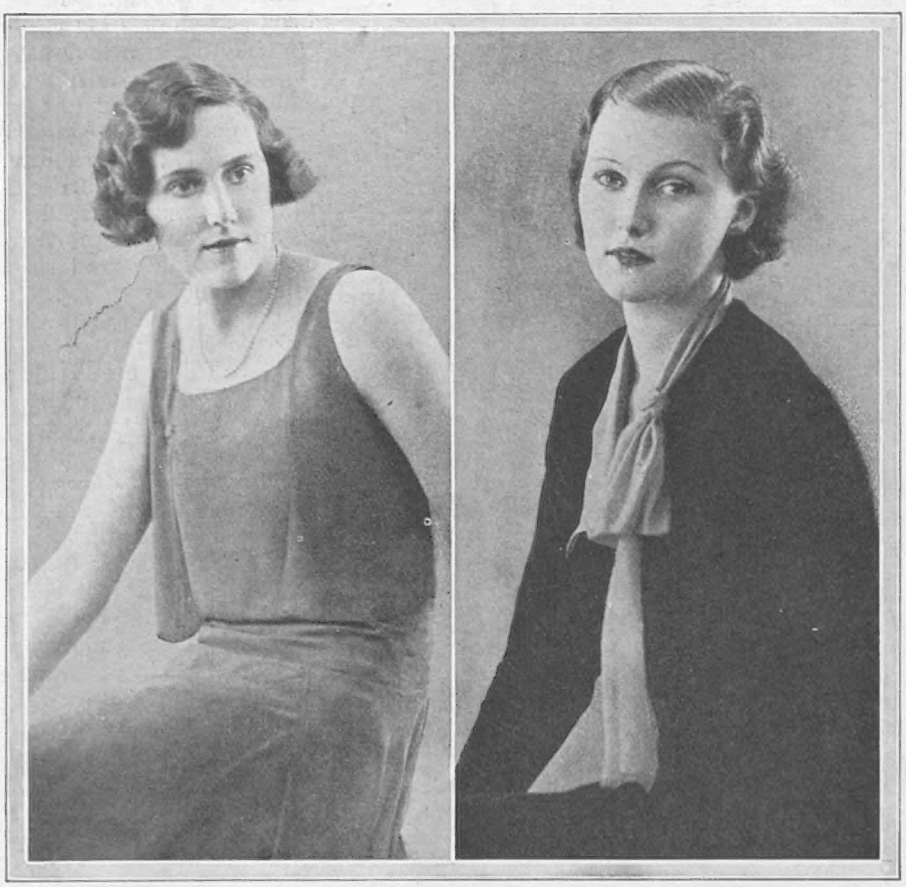
SOME BRIDES-TO-BE

graph boys, newspaper boys, and many other types of small public servants and petty tradesmen. They are relentlessly polite as, having rung the bell, they offer the householder cheap little calendars, in return for which they accept almost any financial recognition.

Miss Molly St. John Hickman, the second daughter of Col. and Mrs. R. St. John Hickman. Her engagement has been announced to Mr. B. W. Webb-Carter, the younger son of Major-General Sir John and Lady Carter

A recent photograph of Roberta, Lady Ossulston, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. J. H. Wilson, son of the late Mr. Wilson, of Suffolk. Lady Ossulston is the daughter of Mrs. Percy Mitchell, of Tite Street, Chelsea

Lady de Clifford taking a film picture of Lord de Clif the North-West London Motor Club's London to Glouce Ferris Co



Photographs Bassano

Miss Joy Verney, whose wedding to the Hon. Gustavus Hamilton-Russell, Grenadier Guards, will take place on January 22. She is the daughter of Sir Harry and Lady Joan Verney

Miss Thelma G. Blay, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Blay, of the Manor House, Ditton Hill. Surrey. She is to marry Mr. W. L. P. Woolley, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Woolley, of Derby

What Next?

BUT not all are polite. I read that one woman in the "Paris VIII" section was confronted by two men in overalls who introduced themselves as the "lift-lubricants" of the block of flats where she lived. She reluctantly gave them three francs, which they as scornfully refused. Whereupon, I am glad to say, she had the pluck to point out that as she had never seen them before she had no intention of giving them a note, which they obviously expected, and very properly shut the door in their faces. But "lift-lubricants"! Imagine it in England!

Hum!

IN Paris there is also a new true story going the rounds about Chaliapin. Chaliapin has a house there, and when he wants to make up his mind about some concert or other he walks around, singing. For, like other great musicians, he has a restless soul. The other day he was thinking so hard that, not content with walking round his drawing-room, he went for a walk. In the course of it a pretty girl spoke to him. "What are you doing, walking about like this and humming to yourself?" she asked. "I am working," replied Chaliapin, with knitted brows. "Camarade!" said the girl, "so am I," and shook hands with him.

Snow in France

FROM Chamonix I hear that there are already eleven inches of snow,

WINTER SPORTS IN FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND

Sport and General

...aches the starting line for the Acceleration Test at ... Reliability Trials. The photograph was taken at ... route

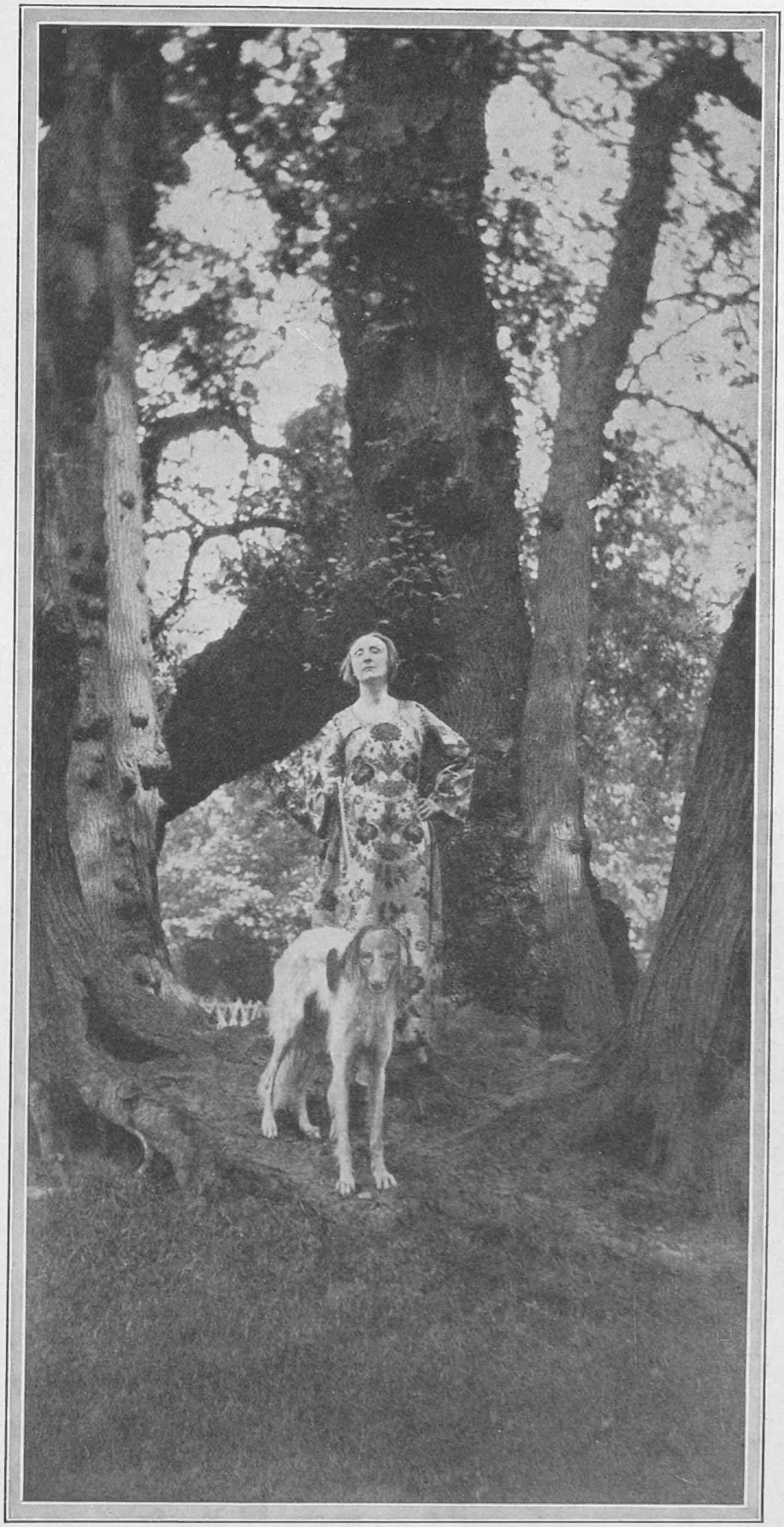
which looks as if the season would be a good one, for it is snow which matters. The season is in full swing by the first week in January, and then one can be sure of first-class ski-ing conditions. An early fall, however, is likely to tempt enthusiasts to Winter sports before that date.

A Close Corporation

ONE of the difficulties about Switzerland is that only the local Swiss doctors are allowed to practice their profession. English doctors are subject to some tremendous penalty if they do anything professional. With the exception, though, of one or two men like Dr. Moasca, of Murren, the local general practitioner does not know as much about even the simplest sprains, strains, and fractures as he might. The English doctor, on the other hand, even though he is there on a holiday, is very envious of the fees that he might secure for looking after the dozens of patients that he would treat, except for the Swiss law on the subject.

Still They Come

YET another Embassy Club (though, as usual, under a totally different management) has been started—this time in Nice. There are now more Embassies than there are Ciro's. There is one in London, St. Moritz, the Lido, New York, and Cricklewood. Ciro's is at Deauville, Monte Carlo, Paris, and London. The Ciro's in London is doing marvellous business. The place



Ceci Beaton

A Cecil Beaton picture of Miss Edith Sitwell, the famous poetess, with her Borzoi. Although she admits to no recreations, the reference books assure us that she intensely dislikes simplicity, morris-dancing, a sense of humour, and every kind of sport excepting reviewer-baiting

WISH CHEVALIER AU REVOIR

Planet News

Mr. W. Heath Robinson, the famous artist, at work on a panel of honest labourers gathering cherries in a cocktail orchard. He has been given a free hand in designing the decorations for the cocktail bar in the Canadian Pacific liner, "Empress of India," and the picture seen above represents one of the panels which will be fitted therein

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

SOLANUM is one of the best novices recruited to fencing, and will win again. Proved a game winner at Sandown over two miles. Was a sound order.

FAVOURITE STAR. A stylish 'chaser, will improve with experience. Tried near home. Was confidently supported from 7 to 1 to 4 to 1.

IRISH SPINNER was often near the mark on the "flat," and he was undoubtedly a fit candidate for hurdling honours this month. Was confidently supported at Nottingham and was placed. Confident he will prove a money spinner!

LEWENDON, who ran a dead heat with Lucidor recently, is one of Ivor Anthony's horses. Well forward in condition. Will obtain further honours in the near future.

MARTYR has recovered from the slight mishap which prevented his running at Haydock. Should not be missed for future races.

ADLON will win hurdle races. Looks a picture and is the right type. Was leading Lestreford, the favourite, over the last hurdle over two miles at Lingfield, but the latter scored on the flat by half a length. Several shrewd backers got 20 to 1 about him.

is crowded, and frequently spiced by the presence of Royalty. The other night Prince George was dancing with the Duchess of York. The previous night they had been at Quaglino's.

A Successful Party

THERE was hardly a single smart young married woman who was not at the May Fair at the farewell appearance in London of Maurice Chevalier. The only exception was Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, who has been so dreadfully ill from anæmia following the birth of her twins. Lady Louis Mountbatten was there, and the Marquise de Casa Maury, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton, and Lady Brownlow —in fact, the whole of that set. Captain Buckmaster is to be congratulated on the tremendous success of this party.

Always a Favourite

ITS enjoyableness was added to by the appearance of Miss Sophie Tucker and Miss Vi Loraine. Miss Loraine came in last. "It was terrible having to follow two artistes like that," she said. "My dear," replied a man, "you did not follow them. You *succeeded* them." A very pretty compliment, absolutely deserved. She sang, "If You Were the Only Girl," "The Great Big World," and "The Gipsy Warned Me."

On the Riviera

AT Menton the season has already begun with the opening of the Casino. Lady Fitzwilliam, whose place in England—Wentworth Woodhouse—has three hundred and sixty-five rooms, one for each day of the year, has been down there with her brother, Lord George Dundas, and his wife. They are all staying at the Majestic Hotel, and when not playing bridge or dancing, go for long walks on the hills behind the town.

A Warning

MEANTIME, readers of THE BYSTANDER, and others who are taking their motor cars over to France, must remember that as from the New Year they must use the officially approved type of anti-dazzle lamp.

Wide World

Mr. John Gilbert Simon, the only son of Sir John Simon, with his fiancée, Miss Maud Hunt, to whom he recently became engaged. He returned to this country a little time ago after spending five years in India

THE RAILWAY BALL AT COVENT GARDEN

Members of the Pageant of Famous Trains and their Destinations. Seen above are Princess George Imeritinsky (left) (the "Golden Arrow"), Mrs. Arthur McGrath (the "Royal Highlander"), the Marchesa Malacrida (the "Engadine Express"), Lady (Hamilton) Grant (the "Southern Belle"), the Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan ("Brighton"), and Mrs. A. C. McCorquodale ("St. Moritz")

Photographs

Miss Betty Hulton as the "Cannes Express," catching pennies—or bank-notes—in aid of the Kensington, Fulham and Chelsea General Hospital at the Railway Ball

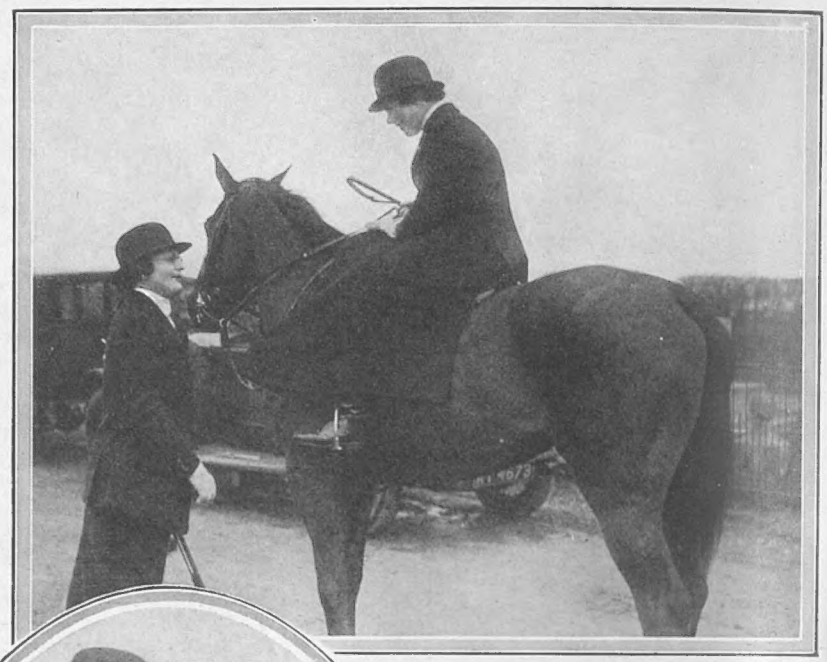
The Marquess of Donegall, as Father Christmas, collects toys for the children's hospitals at the Railway Ball

Sasha

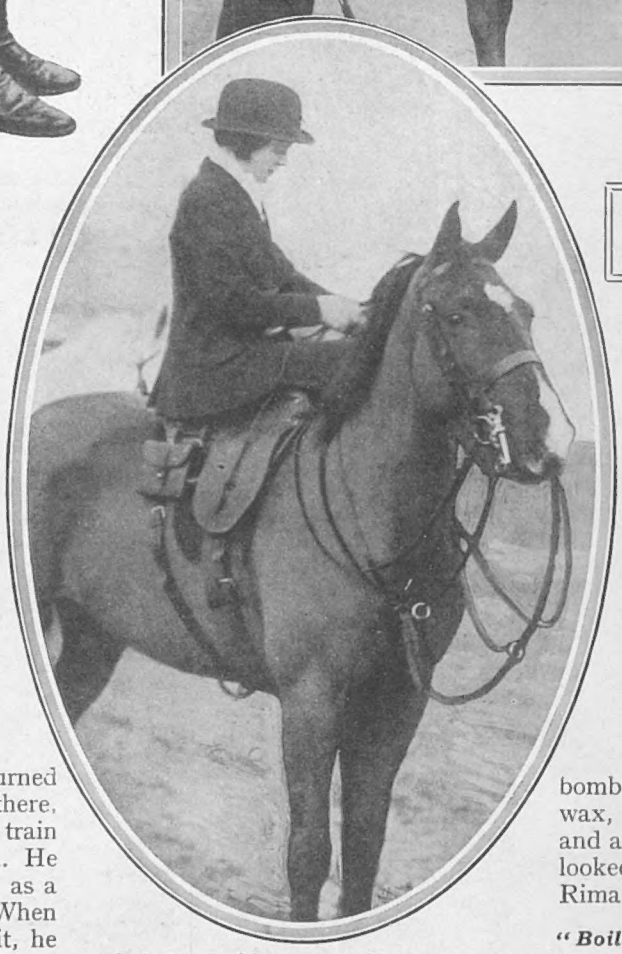
Anita Elson (Mrs. Nick Prinsep) and Mr. Guy Puckle take charge of a cheery party setting out for a run on the miniature Southern Railway train at the Railway Ball at Covent Garden

FOLLOWERS OF THE BELVOIR AT A RECENT MEET

Colonel W. J. Lockett, the Hunt Secretary for the Leicestershire side, with his daughter



Miss Betty Manners (on foot) chatting with Miss Frankland-Payne-Gallwey at the meet of the Belvoir



Lady Ursula Manners, the elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, before the run

WITH THE BELVOIR AT THE MEET AT HARBY, NEAR GRANTHAM

Every car must be provided with (*a*) one or two head lights capable of illuminating the road for a hundred metres, and (*b*) a head light of a non-dazzle character placed at a distance of four-and-a-half feet from the ground.

Discovered Too Late

ANOTHER warning to the public is, "Never play cards in a train with strangers." Mr. Tom Coventry, who recently returned from Canada after ten years out there, played cards with strangers in a train between Manchester and London. He was left with half a crown, and, as a souvenir, the pack of cards. When he took it home and examined it, he found all the face cards marked.

That Croupier Business

THE daily paper that started a fine hare by quoting alleged incidents of cheating on the part of croupiers in the big casinos on the Riviera dropped out of the chase with remarkable celerity. Whether it discovered that the source of its information was scarcely as reliable as it might have been, or whether the prospect of raising an outsize in hornets' nests about its editorial—and advertising—ears proved too unpleasant to make it worth while, I do not know. But I *do* know that if plenty of absolutely reliable evidence of swindling by croupiers and similar officials was forthcoming, we should have heard considerably more of the whole affair, and matters would not have been quietly and expeditiously dropped in such a short time. Anyhow news from the Riviera indicates that things are going on exactly as usual in the casinos.

Getting "Waxy"!

THE craze for wax baths seems to be very much on the increase. I believe, however, there are only two establishments in London where it is given—one in Bond Street, and the other in Whitehall, of all unlikely places. A girl who went to the latter establishment gave me a most amusing description of it. Having first stripped, she was bombarded with twelve pints of hot wax, which was sprayed on to her and all over her until, as she said, she looked like a cross between Epstein's Rima and a snow maiden.

"Boiled" Alive!

SHE then lay down for twenty minutes, at the end of which she was practically boiling inside the covering of wax, which was then removed, and, after a massage from a

IN THE FIELD WITH HUNTING FOLK

Lord Dorchester and Mrs. Scott Murray. They are seen at a meet of the Garth, which was held at Sherfield Green

The Earl of Sefton with the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Greenall at the meet of the Belvoir at Harby, near Grantham

Lady Cayzer at the meet of the Garth at Sherfield Green. She is the wife of Sir Herbert Cayzer, M.P.

Swedish masseuse—so Swedish that she did not know a word of English—she found that she had lost "simply pounds, my dear." It sounds easy.

OWING to an error in the information supplied to us by a photographer, we stated below the picture of Mrs. Cecil Singer, which appeared in our issue of December 10, that she is the daughter-in-law of the late Mr. Paris Singer. We now learn that the latter, far from being dead, has lately been travelling in Egypt, and, therefore, hasten to bring him to life again after our regretted and accidental homicide.

We wish all our Readers a Very Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year

AT THE PLAY

THINGS A HUSBAND OUGHT TO KNOW

By Vernon Woodhouse

"To See Ourselves," at the Ambassadors Theatre

LET me recommend this play to married couples of from one to ten years' union. I would also recommend it to those who have been joined together, and no Judge has put asunder, for an even longer period, except that I fear they would be so fixed in their ways that the moral lesson which Miss E. M. Delafield inculcates in her witty and very human play would be impossible for them to learn.

THIS moral lesson is that no wife should be Taken for Granted. A man may be unfaithful to his wife twenty times over, but that is a venial fault compared with the husband who buries himself in the newspaper, and, with thoughts immersed in the sins of the Labour Government, as well they may be, shows his lack of interest in his wife's conversation by saying "no" when "yes" was the obvious and expected reply.

ALMOST as terrible a tribulation to a wife being so treated is the crass idiocy of a husband in Giving Trouble, when, owing to the staff being short-handed, he still expects the domestic machinery to run as smoothly as if one of the cogs was not missing. Such a man is Freddie Allerton, and when Emma, the parlourmaid, in the person of Audrey Cameron, is asked to serve a second meal in the drawing-room his distracted wife almost sees "I give you my notice" trembling on that domestic's lips.

MISS DELAFIELD'S play deals with a couple living in the country, and the husband is a "typical Englishman," though as he possesses about as much imagination as a turnip he more nearly approximates to a swede! Immersed in his paper mill business and *The Morning Post*, he hasn't the faintest idea that the mother of his children is not as completely satisfied with life as himself; whereas this very human woman, whose ideal is "to be perfectly happy always," is far from being so. She sighs for romance, and later on gets a tiny taste of it. But though the dramatist has chosen the country as a milieu for exemplifying the humdrum, the withers of husbands living in the suburbs, or even in "the little parish of Mayfair," when they see this play, as they assuredly should if their wives are wise, will not remain unwrung.

MISS DELAFIELD'S plot is of the slightest, but her picture of an imaginative wife who when the children catch cold at once chooses hymns for the funeral, is a superb piece of portraiture in which every wife, whose husband is a newspaper addict, will see herself. Equally clever is the picture of a sister, ten years younger, who fears to embark upon the sea of matrimony in case she may also become becalmed in the monotony of the doldrums.

BEING a mere man I feel that these two characters have had more loving care lavished upon them than that of the husband, whose character is merely obtuse, and the sister's fiancé, who is somewhat nebulous, but the unforced humour of the writing, which on occasions produces more than laughter, as in a bedroom scene in which husband and wife are so pictured that a touch of comic tragedy is intermingled, reveals Miss Delafield as a valuable addition to the band of British dramatists who count.

NICHOLAS HANNEN'S picture of the husband was notable for the fact that he successfully concealed his charm and intelligence beneath an ocean of devastating obtuseness. This I regard as a wonderful feat. Marda Vanne, as his wife, has at last been allotted a part which gives her a chance of showing her cleverness, and by subtle touch after touch she makes this character a memorable one, a triumph equally shared by actress and author. Helen Spencer as the engaged sister was the commonsensical modern girl to the life. No actress on the stage could have played it better, while Maurice Evans, whose task was the most difficult, emerged with credit.

I THINK that this part would have been more effective in the hands of an older man, but it was a choice of two evils—the only blot on the play—as if a more elderly actor had played the part the love scenes between the modern generation would have lost something of their savour. Here the author put the producer, if he had a hand in the casting, in a quandary, but it must be added that, apart from the horns of a dilemma on which he was thus impaled, Frank Vernon, who produced, brought out perfectly and without going behind the author's back, every possible point that there was to be made.

A scene from "To See Ourselves," at the Ambassadors Theatre, showing Freddie Allerton (Nicholas Hannen), an obtuse husband, spoiling the effect of presenting flowers to his neglected wife (Marda Vanne) after her illness, by mentioning that his sister-in-law suggested it!

Two Failures

THE sudden disappearance from the Royalty Theatre of *A Marriage Has Been Dis-arranged* saves me from saying what I think about it. As what I thought was hardly fit for publication I am truly thankful for this un-premature decease.

At the time of writing I am not sure whether *Caviare* is running at the Little Theatre. If, however, it still shows signs of life, it is one of the miracles of the theatrical age.

V. W.

BY H. H. HARRIS

IMPRESSIONS OF EXPRESSIONS IN "EVER GREEN"

Some of the leading members of C. B. Cochran's "Company of Comedians," who are helping to make "Ever Green," at the Adelphi Theatre, an outstanding success. This brilliant show promises to keep the "house full" boards in use for many a day, for—belittlers to the contrary—the theatre-going public certainly knows a good thing when it sees it

PARIS GOSSIP

"Aubrey Boomer, the professional from St. Cloud, who manages the 'Golf de l'Etoile'"

"PUTTERS, PLAYS AND PERSONS"

By Sylvia Lyon

No definite statements about anything can be made in Paris these days. The Seine was acting "simply terrible," and now is behaving better. I was told to be sure to see a play called *Sport*, then was told not by any means to see a play called *Sport*. This was, I thought, because of the French dislike for sport. But I forgot how they like indoor sports. I wish you could see the way they are taking to miniature golf. The way they are carrying on about it one would think they had always played *golf*. Their seriousness, devotion, ardour, and suffering are only comparable with those Americans in Paris who complain of all the money they have lost in Wall Street, as though they ever had any money anywhere.

Lately I stated that the most popular miniature golf course in Paris is in the Avenue Wagram. My mistake. The most popular miniature golf course in Paris is at Number Four, Avenue de la Grande Armée. Just enter the door of an automobile agency, shed a few tears over the red Mercédès standing there to tempt you like a red, red devil, take the lift, if it works, and, if it doesn't, climb five flights of stairs and find yourself in a large loft which is completely encircled by a painted landscape and with quasi-quaint chaumières disguising the cloak-rooms, and so on.

The tall man standing paternally before the bar is Aubrey Boomer, the professional, from St. Cloud, who manages this, the "Golf de l'Etoile." Mr. Boomer has just missed being knocked down by the tall French lady in a long black chiffon gown, who has knocked down everything in the place, so violently does she wield her putter. The man who has just sat down in great alarm, taking refuge at a Basque linen-covered table, is the Duc de Leuchtenberg; while the young man who has dashed across the room and skipped two holes to avoid being putted into eternity by the tall lady is Prince Charles d'Arenberg. Having now established the social atmosphere of the place, I will proceed with the decorative details.

The turf is genuine turf, so much so that after the tall lady had gone around an employee with a large wooden implement resembling those used to repair the damage to polo fields, ran out to pound the displaced mud, which is equipped with several blades of grass and quite a few nasturtiums. The sides of one of the curving hazards are lined with small painted landscapes. "Don't hit that painting," I warned my boy friend, "it might be a Vlaminck!" "Vlaminck is down," he said. "Three just went at the Hôtel Drouot for seven thousand francs." "But a very small Cézanne water colour," I retorted, "sold for twenty-one thou-

(Continued on page 654)

The ex-Empress Zita of Hungary photographed in her Bulgarian home, the Castle Ham, near Stenockerzeel, with her children, including the Archduke Otto, seen on the extreme left, whom she recently proclaimed the new King of Hungary on his eighteenth birthday. The unrelenting sternness with which she refuses to recognise the present régime in her country is causing no small stir in political circles on the Continent

AN ENGLISH STAR IN AN AMERICAN FILM

Evelyn Laye, who is scoring such a well-deserved personal success in a scene from "One Heavenly Night," the talkie which she recently made in Hollywood and which will be seen at the Alhambra on Boxing Day. Another scene from this film, which was produced by Samuel Goldwyn, will be found on page 673

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 652)

sand." "A Bonnard went for thirty-four thousand," he said. "I must speak to M. Bernheim-Jeune about this," I said, calling out to one of the caddies employed to carry around ladies' hand-bags. "If the art market is bad there is no reason why all the modern paintings in Paris which have nothing else to do in the evening can't be hung around these miniature golf courses to elevate the public's art sense."

"A group of Catholic students rushed into the little theatre and destroyed the film"

THE reason for the public's complete incomprehension of "L'Age d'Or," the surrealist film at the Studio 28 Cinema, was due to the fact that the film was so scabrous in subject and treatment that the police cut yards out of it, and the bewildered public thought that their minds were lacking in intelligence instead of the film. That is to say, whenever people rush to see a film that has been financed by a well-known aristocrat they forget that nobody would be able to understand one of his pictures, whether it has been censored or not.

I HAVE been told that this picture contained a sort of propaganda against religion and morals and capitalism and all nice things like that. I steadfastly refused to see it, until it was too late. A group of Catholic students rushed into the little theatre, destroyed the film, terrified the elegant Noailles followers, and once more Art has been sacrificed to Purity. Well, I am sure of one thing: when his next picture is shown I shall go there the first evening.

HAVING accepted an invitation to see for a second time Alfred Savoir's play, *La Petite Catherine,* with great glee, because I was told that the finale, wherein the entire garrison of St. Petersburg pops out to "assist" at the going-to-bed-of-the-Empress has been eliminated, a detail I had considered to be most inartistic in its obviousness, I passed a most pleasant Sunday afternoon. Both London and New York should follow the example of Paris in having Sunday matinées. There is no doubt that the morality of both capitals would be uplifted.

AS I was saying, not only was I pleased to note that my dear friend Savoir had eliminated the inartistic moment of Alice Cocea, Comtesse Stanislas de la Rochefoucauld, Empress of Russia, going to bed, but my interest in European Society and diplomacy was benefited by the sight of a whole battalion of Spanish Grandees, their wives, sons, and daughters-in-law, whose names were whispered to me in such hushed tones by the Vicomte de Guell at my right, that I could not catch these names that are such Names, but whose bodily entities were sitting a few rows before me.

WITH the Grandees was the Countess Georges Potocki, whose husband will one day inherit Lançut (pronounced Wansoot) providing that the Count Alfred Potocki does not marry. Now that Poland has entered this article I will tell you that a certain diplomat —whose name I will not mention, but I will give you three guesses—has completely demoralised Warsaw, domestically speaking. As he entered his Embassy for the first time, with a large gesture of his mighty hand, he said, indicating all the maids and footmen: "Double the salaries of these servants at once!" Since that day every servant in Warsaw is threatening to leave his master and go to the Embassy of X——. One day the diplomat was taken to see a marvellous old castle whose owners are doing everything to keep it up; they think they owe this not only to their own prestige but to Poland. As he entered the door the diplomat asked: "Is this for sale?"

HOWEVER, I hear that when he was invited to Lançut, the Potocki place, he was completely paralysed by the splendour of the estate, and from the moment he alighted from the train and saw eight white horses mounted by eight postillions in scarlet awaiting him, he uttered not one word.

S. L

"All men have a soft spot somewhere, you know"
"Which explains why we girls throw ourselves at your heads!"

"WHY have you got that string tied round your finger?"

"My wife put it there to remind me to post a letter?"

"Well, did you post it?"

"No. She forgot to give it to me."

A COLOUR expert advises men to wear bright-coloured clothes so that motorists can see them better. If a motorist can't hit us in our old grey suit, he need not think we are going to help him.

"WHO says all men are born free?" wailed the young father as he received the doctor's bill.

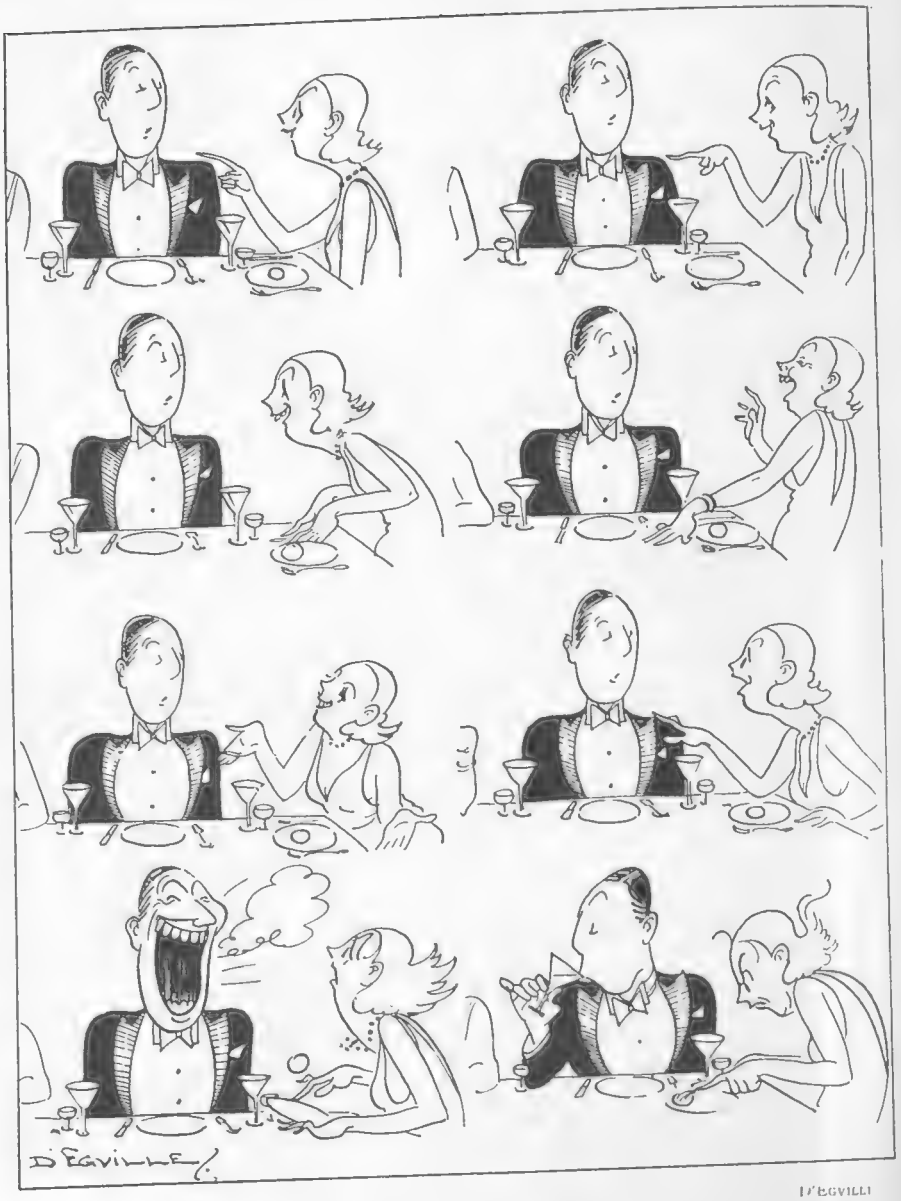
RUSSIA is said to be making rapid advances in commercial aviation. It is pointed out that already an energetic citizen can be hungry in several cities on the same day.

BY HYNES

"THERE ARE PLENTY OF FISH IN THE SEA!"

If — — — Gossip We — — Must.

"RUGGER Night"—what a good match it was, by the way!—passed off in the Piccadilly Circus-Leicester Square salient without incident, and it was generally voted to be of the humdrum order. I saw a few youths standing about in dinner jackets at midnight with an obvious air of being "all dressed up and no place to go." At 12.30 a.m. I went into a chemist's in that district to buy some tooth-paste (one is not allowed in this enlightened country to buy this between the hours of 8 p.m. and midnight) and found it invaded by undergraduate ebullience. They were sober and decently behaved, and what fun they could hope to find in a chemist's shop at that or any hour I cannot imagine. In the good old days we left a visit to a chemist's until the following morning. And yet, were they really the good old days?



D'EGVILLE

HE DID *SEE THE JOKE!*

Stage Photo Co.

Dorothy Dickson as Liane and Cecil Parker as Erbach in a scene in "Wonder Bar." This play of cabaret life is now running at the Savoy Theatre

THEY were certainly more vigorous old days. I read of nothing more pathetic than that contact between undergraduates and police, because some of the former had celebrated the immortal contest between Oxford and Cambridge by raiding—a sandwich bar. There's fun for you—a sandwich bar! But what were the poor things to do, if they must have their little bit of carnival? No longer is there any Empire or Alhambra to be chucked out of. After 11 p.m. there is no tavern in the town to chuck oneself into. Undergraduate finance rarely runs to dance-restaurants, with champagne at 35s. a bottle; and even these places, except on extension nights, are pretty early-to-bed-and-no-drink-on-the-tables-after-twelve-o'clock affairs. Verily, the way of the young man in search of gaiety in London is indeed hard.

ALTHOUGH this annual Saturnalia (now but the poorest echo of one) was conducted with such decorum; there were not lacking those who sought to make political capital out of supposed rowdiness. So let us emphasise, once and for all, a few facts for the benefit of the users of such phrases as "wealthy hooligans," "capitalist cads," and so forth.

(i) The vast majority of undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge are not wealthy, nor are their parents wealthy.

Keystone

Mr. Bernard Shaw inspecting some of the Russian photographs at the Camera Club's Exhibition in John Street, Adelphi, after he had declared the show open. His fondness for the pictures is not apparently confined to the moving and talking variety

(ii) Much of such noise as occurs on these occasions is contributed by people who have no connection with any university.

(iii) Many undergraduates are Socialists.

(iv) Good behaviour in the streets and elsewhere is not the exclusive monopoly of the "proletariat."

S

THE comparative quietness of London after midnight, though there are many reasons for lamenting it, has its points. For one thing, more and more of the better class of Americans are coming here at all seasons of the year in preference to Paris. Paris is patronised by Americans who are frankly "out for a bust," but of that side of Paris life it is possible to tire very soon, and the better type of person, whatever his or her nationality, tires of it very quickly.

S

THERE is something very solid and restful about London, and the food is better here than anywhere else in the world. (This will be indignantly contradicted, but I stick to the point, none the less.) And there is nothing sinister. Those who have visited the big American cities the last few years are appalled by the grimness of American life, by the background of graft and crime, by that relentless spectre of vice and social and political dishonesty which, if the American nation does not destroy it, will infallibly destroy the American nation. The bubble may burst at any moment. We may be "broke," but we are on firmer ground.

MR. BERTRAM MILLS

Who annually provides the young of all ages with a chance to enjoy a really first-rate circus at Olympia. His circus opened this year on Monday last, and is now proving that time cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite variety

S

PROHIBITION has caused a good seven-eighths of the cracks that are appearing in America's cast-iron constitution. But the number of people who are so blind that they will not see this is amazing, and among them is Miss Eva Booth, head of the American Salvation Army. I know nothing of the internecine squabbles of the "Army" and the Booth family, except that they have made the Salvation stock slump with a wallop all the world over. Yet Miss Booth, in handing out some advice to England, tells us, "Get Prohibition, and you'll have no unemployment."

S

THERE are about 5,000,000 unemployed now in America, in spite of Pro-

FAY COMPTON

Who makes her first essay into the realms of pantomime this year. She is seen in the name part of Dick Whittington, Julian Wylie's pantomime at the Palace Theatre, Manchester

Christmas Greetings

MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN

MORE willingly I'd greet you now
If it were truthfully said you'll be
Declining to extort next year
The cash you mulct through Schedule E!

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN

Some jars of ginger might do good,
Alarm clocks, too, might welcome be,
But I confess I've got a hunch
That even if you woke for lunch
You'd be asleep by tea!

MR. C. B. COCHRAN

An old-fashioned Christmas
Means plenty of frost,
And "frosts" in the Theatre
Mean good money lost;
So this year we'd better
Just wish you, I wean,
A Christmas that turns out
To be "Ever Green."

SIR OSWALD MOSLEY

Dear Sir O., I think I know
The gift you'd like to get,
You'd leave no stone unturned to own
A home-made Cabinet!

MAURICE CHEVALIER

You always look so bright and gay,
Cher Monsieur M. Chevalier,
I'm sure you gave yourself a book
Which brought about your happy look,
And judging by your cheery wiles
I'll bet it's called "Self-Help by Smiles!"

BY FRANK FORD

"But, my dear chap, you don't mean to tell me she's hurt merely because you squeezed her hand?"
"Yes, she is. You see I squeezed it in the door of the car!"

CONSTANCE CARPENTER *Janet Jevons*

Who is this year's principal girl in the Lyceum Pantomime opening on Boxing Day. "Robinson Crusoe" is this year's production here

hibition—double the amount, that is to say, that we have in not quite Prohibition England. In what way does Miss Booth imagine that Prohibition (we need not dwell upon its other manifold evils) is going to help unemployment?

FANATICS are always dangerous; when they try to mix themselves up in economics they become trebly so. Start Prohibition in this country and you will at once put on the unemployed list everyone connected with the liquor trade—wine merchants, managers and clerks, all who work in breweries, and all in the public-house business, from old Charlie Pond's "fully-licensed man" to the humblest barmaid (if barmaids are ever humble). But perhaps the Prohibitionists would like these honest folk to get employment as hijackers, bootleggers, and gunmen. The only people I can see benefiting from Prohibition would be Messrs. Purdie and Messrs. Cogswell and Harrison.

WITH all due deference to Mr. Maurice Browne, he is going the wrong way to work at the Little Theatre. I thought his policy—which is a good one—was to "try out" plays here, and if they showed signs of attracting a bigger public, to transfer them to a theatre of larger size. His first attempt at originality, however, is to produce a revue called *Caviare*. This will be caviare to the general, and I cannot see it appealing to any particular high-brow! Revue is a form of entertainment which requires special knowledge to produce, and this knowledge Ellen van Volkenburg and Richard Odlin do not appear to possess. The Lord Chamberlain vetoed the last scene, which dealt with a religious subject, and his decision is to be applauded. Anything more out of place than religion in a revue can hardly be imagined. If only the Censor had also vetoed some of the terrible sketches on account of dullness he would have received my heartfelt gratitude.

ENGLAND doesn't like coalitions, but Sir Oswald Mosley's "Council of Five" suggestion is not to be dismissed lightly. Politicians must be ruled out. If a politician knows anything of finance he allows political consideration to obscure his views; every step is regarded with half an eye on the number of votes it may gain or lose for his party. I would put forward, therefore, the following list:—Lord Inchcape, Lord Lloyd, Lord Hailsham, Lord Melchett, and Montagu Norman.

ALTHOUGH "Big Business" is to the fore in the persons of three

Keystone

Nervo & Knox rehearsing a scene from "The Chelsea Follies," the revue produced recently at the Victoria Palace. With them are seen Lillebil Ibsen, the leading lady and some of the Chelsea models who provide the chorus. Included in the cast is the daughter of Mr Arthur Greenwood, the Minister of Health

General Picture News

A rehearsal of the new three-act comedy, "A Pair of Trousers," which opened at the Criterion yesterday, December 23. Seen above are Ian Hunter (left), Harold Warrender, Alice Delysia, Ivo Dawson, Cecily Byrne, Violet Vanbrugh, Hargrave Pawson and Stephanie Stephens

in this list, it is not to be labelled as a business Government. The phrase "Business Government" has a rather unfortunate past, too. But business must be represented, and Lord Inchcape, whose speech on idleness and doles the other day was remarkably sound, has proved his capabilities by enabling his company, the P. and O., to declare a healthy dividend to stockholders at a time when shipping is about as bad as it can be. Lord Melchett comes under the same category; and that mysterious but able figure, Montagu Norman, represents, of course, the Bank of England. Lord Lloyd, as a leader of men, with an Imperial mind, and Lord Hailsham, as an ex-Lord Chancellor, will certainly pull their weight in the boat.

MEANWHILE, the position in India is going from bad to worse. Lord Irwin is proclaimed by the Socialists as the best Viceroy India has ever had—and I can think of no graver condemnation than that. He is a good, easy man, but this is not the job for a good, easy man. Besides, he is let down at home by a Government which is fervently keen that every race and nation in the world should assert its independence and nationality, except the nation to which they unfortunately belong. As a result, a deliberate game of wholesale assassination is in full swing; it is an attempt, and apparently a successful one, to undermine and destroy the power of the Raj by intimidation. Ireland furnished an example of this. Yet the big dailies, whatever their party, ignore India almost completely. The "ostrich" Press!

Janet Jevons

ANNE CROFT

Now playing in the revival of that immensely popular musical comedy, "The Maid of the Mountains." It was revived at the Hippodrome on the 18th December

"SOUVENT VAR

By BLANCHE

An original ski-ing outfit, rather Dutch in effect. The short coat opens over a sleeveless double-breasted waistcoat, which again may be shed to show a jumper beneath to match knitted cap and long gloves
Model Suzanne Talbot

AND how extremely dull she would be if she did not! In a world of increasing standardisation of people and things, her variableness should surely be hailed with relief instead of referred to in terms of reproach. For what more damning description can be given of a woman than that she is dull? The infinite variety that "age cannot wither nor custom stale," according to the Immortal Bard, is always an attribute of the truly charming woman.

IF clothes have anything to do with it, she is ably aided and abetted in her variability by the multifarious occasions upon which she may dress up and alter her appearance—almost even her personality. No woman in any previous known epoch has had such a choice as modern Eve in this respect. To carry out her strenuous sports occupations she has wholeheartedly adopted trousers; yet even rigged out cap-à-pie she contrives to be exultantly feminine.

PYJAMAS—a word borrowed from the land of harems—have become accepted everywhere, though once considered a little outré by the dear Edwardians. The very word in this emancipated age sounds a trifle moth-eaten and out of date. Pyjamas are now referred to in public quite shamelessly, and assumed not only for bed and boudoir, but for dinner, the tea hour, or to prance picturesquely upon Southern shores. The big dress designers have seized upon them as a new vehicle of dress expression and gorgeous materials, gold lamés and rich silks, worthy of the land from which they emanated, are used to create them. Also the element of what might be considered as a "want of modesty" amongst the prurient-minded is overcome in the feminine aspect these garments present in the master hands of the big French designers. They are cut with fitted yokes, which create a slim-hipped effect and widen to fall full towards the feet, often not betraying the fact that they are bifurcations until the wearer moves. Their coat falls loosely and gracefully from three-quarters to the hip length.

There are few collections that do not show a few of these models, but so far, and perhaps fortunately, it is only the smart modern that has dared—in England at any rate—to wear them out of the boudoir.

I SAW some real "plus fours" at Marcel Rochas' collection, which appear to have got by almost without mention. Yet this was the first attempt I have seen to present a workmanlike knickerbocker suit for the golfer, and of all people she is most in need of something practical like this, and at the same time the most conservative and unlikely to use it. There is something about the concentrated deliberation of golf that makes even the bravest wilt and become self-conscious, so that courting any unnecessary publicity might have a tendency to put one off one's game! I can well remember only a few years back a young woman who was playing a few holes in riding breeches and a blouse (she had been a land-girl during the War) being warned off a certain famous seaside course.

FEMME

E"

B. ELLIOTT

Jeunesse dorée is exquisitely suggested in this ingenue frock of white satin from Molyneux's mid-season collection. With it is worn a white velvet coat trimmed with white fox
Model Molyneux

Still, I personally liked Marcel Rochas' models as very chic, amusing and practical, and think his courage, at any rate, is to be commended.

In addition to the strictly sporting side to her dress character, woman today can be as formal and feminine as she pleases. This epoch, which might be referred to as the "pyjama age," has also seen the return of old formalities, such as the trained frock, the long glove, the extremes of femininity. What, for instance, could touch the two poles in dress difference as the two models illustrated here? The one expressive of coy, charmingly gowned femininity and the other fittingly garbed in "masculine" attire, and armed for a strenuous outdoor pastime.

The great exodus to Switzerland winter sports will be taking place just now, and ski-ing outfits have become just another of the necessary adjuncts of the modern's wardrobe. Personally, the mention of winter sports calls forth for me a vision of Canadian snows, husky dog sleighs, horse sleighs and their tinkling bells in the picturesque background of Old Quebec. There such "sport" is second nature, and youth goes out walking on those tennis bat arrangements known as snow shoes. But on this side we are more dressy and formal, and skis appear to be weird and unnatural things to manipulate. For this reason the jumper underneath the proofed suit has become something more elaborate. Schiaparelli, in particular, does some which are delightfully novel in line, using knitting and crocheting in open designs, which give them a new character. In one model the long, tight-fitting sleeve had an open stitch reaching to well above the elbow. At teatime, when the top garments are slipped off, one may sit comfortably in a warm room and feel and look right in such light and attractive attire.

The feeling for the open and perforated effects continues, and there are many novelties introduced at the yokes and necks of the smarter kind of jumper and sports dress. Wool lace is now shown in an all-over lace pattern of a fairly open mesh. The silk lace tricot was a novelty of the Season's showings, and was used for afternoon and evening dresses. This and the eyelet effects, which are also very new, we shall probably see quite a good deal of next Spring.

Another fabric everyone is using with such success is bilitis, the lovely, soft, filmy material that is a cross between georgette and crêpe de Chine. There is also a strong feeling for plaids, bravely led by Jane Regny. The tartan always has had an appeal to French taste, and seems to be a sartorial tie similar to the spiritual one which has always existed. The élégante may wear the actual tartans of famous Scottish Clans, but as they usually keep the other side of the Channel no undue embarrassment is caused. One sadly wonders with its growing scarcity whether this is not still another grand old tradition that is on its way to be buried in oblivion? B. B. E.

AMATEURS IN CHRISTMAS PLAYS

Sport and General

Above :
"OH, ECSTASY OF BLISS!"

An incident from the second act of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's "The Critic," recently produced with marked success by the Cambridge University A.D.C.

Left : A scene from the Nativity play, "The Joyous Pageant of the Holy Nativity." It was performed at the Chelsea Palace on behalf of charity

Central News

Central Press

One of the scenes from the Chester Nativity play. It is produced and performed by past and present students of Avery Hill College, Eltham

A CLEVER LITTLE LADY FROM GERMANY

Stage Photo Co.

Ilse Bois, the young German actress, who has been delighting audiences at the Coliseum and visitors to the cabaret at the Piccadilly Hotel with her clever impressions and parodies of stage folk. On the left she is seen as she appears when speaking a prologue to her act, and on the right as a Chinese conjurer

THE CANYON. BY A. F. KALES

READING. BY DENES RONAY

THE NUDE IN AR

ALTHOUGH the handling of this type hands of different photographers, all from "Photograms of the Year," the Ann Pictorial Photographic Work (Iliffe & Sons The sympathetic handling allied to the high technic them all studies of very high artistic merit. "The C ful examples of delicacy and refinement of treatment of light and naturalness of the composition of t gossamer, effect of the latter are equally notable. contrasts between the softness of the pillow and hea of the model. "The Spirit of Unrest," with its unconventionality of pose, are both outstandi

THE SPIRIT OF UNRE

N DECORATIVE ART

... of photograph varies widely in the ... the studies reproduced on this page ... Review for 1931 of the World's ... Sons Ltd., 5/-) have one thing in common. ... technical excellence of the actual photography makes ... "The Canyon" and "Esperance" are both delight- ... treatment in an outdoor setting. The admirable feeling ... of the former photograph, and delicate, almost ... "Resting Girl" affords a study in interesting ... and the tenseness of the back and shoulders ... with its lively figurettes, and "Reading," with its ... outstanding examples of originality of treatment.

UNRE BY F. DRTIKOL

ESPERANCE. BY HILLARY G. BAILEY

RESTING GIRL. BY J. VANDERPANT

CHILI BOUCHIER

Janet Jevons

Who takes the soubrette part in the new fantasy, "Lavender." This play—which has nothing to do with Sir Arthur Pinero's "Sweet Lavender"!—opens at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, to-night, Christmas Eve

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE WAY TO BLAZIES

BY

X. DAWSON SCOTT

ERIC MANSFIELD leaned back in the corner of the settee, spread his arms along the back and side, and regarded his companion from under speculatively drooped lids.

"Will you marry me, Hetta?"

The smooth column issuing from the spout of the teapot did not quiver.

"I will not."

"Good!"

Henrietta Carson put down the teapot and turned. Her fashionably plucked and pencilled eyebrows made words unnecessary.

"I was referring to your nerves, my dear. They seem to be in good condition."

Hetta, whose profile was excellent, returned to her tea-pouring.

"Will you become engaged to me, then?"

"I am not accustomed to doing one without the other, Eric."

"So I believe. Your reputation is quite unwholesomely good. Is there any special reason why none of my suggestions should appeal to you?"

Hetta passed him his cup before she answered. Then she faced him, her eyes alight.

"Reason number one is your manners. You sit there, looking at me as though I were a prize cow——"

"A prize woman," he corrected her

"I object to being regarded as a prize anything, and——"

"You can't help it. It's what you are."

"Please don't interrupt."

"I'm not. I'm merely insisting on the truth."

"In a moment I shall lose my temper."

"That would do you a lot of good. You would lose your dignity with it."

THE quiet tone in which the last words were spoken made Hetta pause. For a moment their eyes met in battle. Then hers dropped. He was too strong, or, at all events, too reckless. He was prepared to go to any lengths. She found herself for the first time in her not uneventful career dealing with a man who refused to bow to her, even though he professed to be in love.

Hitherto her men friends had not been of that kind. They had always backed down finally before her rather reckless pursuit of the last word, and she had come to think that a woman could always win because she was prepared to go one step farther than the man. Here was one who would not permit her to win. The cold light now in his eyes told her that unmistakably. It was she who broke the silence.

"Well?"

"Will you dine with me to-night?"

Then she laughed. "Oh! you're hopeless, Eric. No, I'm dining with the Jacksons and I'm going out of Town next week." She wasn't, but he must be warded off somehow.

Again he changed his mood and leant forward confidentially, entirely disregarding her answer.

"Tell me, Hetta, have I a clear field and no favour?"

It was the kind of question Hetta could deal with to a nicety. It was conventional.

"You are the *last* on the field."

Considering they had met a bare fortnight before and that since then he had monopolised as much of her time as he could beg, borrow, or steal, this was not surprising. His answer, however, once more robbed her of triumph.

"Thanks. That's all I wanted to know."

And there it ended—Henrietta Carson's one attempt to reduce Eric Mansfield to the level of her other admirers. Its failure was a little thrilling.

HETTA, as she was known in her set, a coterie of "young society," was twenty-nine. Petite and trim, with dark eyes—seldom without a sparkle—and dark brown shingled hair she was that vivid creature, the attractive sportsgirl. She could dress, ride, play tennis, swim and dance equally well. If she could not take life very seriously it was probably because she had not time. Rumour had it that she could thread a needle and, if hard pressed, use it. It was rumour without much foundation in fact.

She it was who captured most of the incoming young men of the set, and it was nothing out of the ordinary for Eric Mansfield to have attempted to monopolise her. That he had succeeded more than most showed ingenuity on his part. It did not argue unusual softness on Hetta's side. With him, as with others, she was prepared to have a good time. She did not wish for, or intend, anything more serious, and Hetta's intentions had a way of being carried out.

Eric Mansfield, strictly speaking, was not of Hetta's set at all. He had wandered in, accidentally, one evening at a charity ball. The chain of introductions had eventually landed him by Hetta's side. Partly because he wished it, partly because he was tall, not bad-looking and a good dancer, he had remained there. When, in the neighbourhood of 2.30 a.m., they had said good-night, avenues for furthering the acquaintanceship had already been opened up.

ERIC, during the day, was a stockbroker. Because he combined the courage of the gambler with a feeling for, and knowledge of, markets he was, at the age of thirty, a good one.

He was a young man who knew where he was going and seldom dallied by the roadside. He was not the only stockbroker with an optimistic view of his future.

On leaving Hetta's flat in Brooke Street his first stop was at a telephone box. The call cost him just twenty shillings and twopence, the twenty shillings being for obstruction caused by his car, left unattended in Piccadilly while he 'phoned. The incident did not appear to depress him in the least. He issued from the box looking pleased.

The end of his interview with the policeman still found him looking remarkably pleased. Then he went slowly home to his flat in the Albany.

IT was quite in the natural order of events that Cicely Jackson should suggest after dinner that night that her party of four guests should adjourn to "Chez Pierre" to dance. Equally natural it seemed to everyone except Hetta that the thoughtful hostess should have 'phoned "that

(All rights strictly reserved)

intriguing late acquisition of yours, Hetta," to take Mr. Jackson's place, her husband not being a dancer.

Hetta was not too pleased. Eric's pursuit was becoming a trifle obvious.

"Oh! I lay no claims." She spoke indifferently.

"No, dear, the boot rather seems to be on the other foot."

The others laughed, and Hetta was less pleased.

"Yes, he *is* rather bumptious," she condescended, adding quietly: "It is curable, though."

The threat was more easily spoken than carried out. Eric, when he could not change the subject, had a way of cheerfully ignoring anything he did not wish to hear. Her first words to him that evening he adroitly misunderstood, while giving her no opportunity for explanation.

The party had just arrived and were standing in a group inside the door whilst a table was being procured.

"This is a real piece of luck, Hetta."

"*Luck?*"—coldly.

"Well, it is for me even if it seems a bit sticky to you." And then in the same breath; "It was very good of you, Mrs. Jackson——"

Hetta relapsed into silence, but from that moment war was declared. It was a war which gave her little satisfaction, and her indulgence in it spoilt what might have been a pleasant evening.

From the first, things did not go her way. It was not her fault that Eric was so often her partner, and, for once, it was not his. The innate loyalty of the male sex must be blamed Neither Ted Atherly nor Archie Stimpson was interested in Hetta, and, therefore, knowing Eric's penchant, they left the field clear. Such male conspiracies are difficult to deal with, and Hetta, though not incompetent, found circumstances too strong for her.

He saw her figure in its white fur evening cloak move out into the glare of the headlights, realised her intention of stopping him and remembered the flickering instant when the decision to call her bluff was taken"

ERIC, characteristically, made every use of his opportunities. Nevertheless, scaling the ice of Hetta's indifference was hard work. The fact that he remained apparently cheerful to the end of the evening must be recorded as something of an achievement even for a man of his pertinacity. It was an achievement that annoyed Hetta. Only once did he attempt the serious.

"I gather that I have offended you, Hetta. How?"

As he had not offended her the question was a little difficult to answer. His real crime was that of refusing to fall into line with the others. Subsidiary ones were: being commented upon by Cicely and remaining cheerful and successful to-night. None of them could be commented upon.

"You flatter yourself, Eric."

"H-m-m. Will you dance?"

"Certainly."

And that was that. Eric's dancing was not up to its usual standard afterwards. Passive resistance could be a darned difficult thing to cope with, he reflected.

By one o'clock he had reached the point of saying to himself: "Much more of this, Eric Mansfield, and you depart—either whole or in pieces, but you depart." What he said aloud was:

"Are you going to let me see you home, Hetta?"

"Yes, if you like," was her rather surprising answer.

When they were mounting the stairs on the way out he discovered her reason.

He was behind Hetta and Pamela Chalmers. Suddenly he heard Hetta say: "But I'm sure Eric won't mind, dear." She turned back. "Will you, Eric? Mr. Stimpson has to catch a train at Waterloo and he can only just make it. I said you wouldn't mind running Pamela home. It is only as far as Marble Arch. You can drop me on the way."

"Er—certainly. O-only too pleased, Miss Chalmers."

Eric had done too much scheming himself during the last two weeks not to jump to the fact that Hetta had known all along of Stimpson's train. Something in him congealed into a hard lump as he realised it, and his lips compressed.

He went to the cloakroom with a thoughtful frown on his face. He returned with a set look about the jaw from which those who knew him in business were accustomed to prophesy immediate and possibly dramatic developments.

THE first indication the two girls had that things were not going according to plan was when the car, instead of entering Piccadilly en route for Brooke Street, turned up Regent Street in the direction of Marble Arch. The words which immediately rose to Hetta's lips were checked, however, by a glance at his face. They were evidently going to Marble Arch first whether she liked it or not

Before re-entering the car for Brooke Street he asked her coldly if she would prefer him to call a taxi. They were standing on the pavement outside the house into which Pamela Chalmers had just vanished. What made him give her the choice neither he nor anyone else could have explained, unless it was a sort of defiant testing of his luck for that night.

Perhaps Hetta sensed the challenge in his tone and accepted it, or maybe she did not wish for his absence so much as she pretended to herself. In either case her answer settled it.

"Not unless you wish it."

"I don't." He entered the car.

Her second surprise of the drive came when the car turned

ILLUSTRATION BY UNK WHITE

away from the direction of Brooke Street into Orchard Street. Before she had time to say anything they were doing a steady thirty along that stately avenue of electric lamp standards with no obstacle save a distant taxi barring their progress.

The steady nerves which Eric had observed that afternoon now came to her aid. She did not lose what little dignity she had left her in words. The situation was obvious. It was written on his face as much as in the movements of the car. They were *not* going to Brooke Street.

In her excitement the pique of the evening was forgotten. She knew only that to be abducted from the heart of London in the middle of the night by a young man was an experience as new as it was thrilling. She found that when it came to the point she was not in the least afraid of Eric Mansfield. He might not be well known to her, but he was at least well vouched for and well introduced. The fact that he was a gentleman who emitted a certain number of sparks rather added to the piquancy of the situation.

Nevertheless, when they had passed Baker Street Station without pausing and were nearing the St. John's Wood cross-roads, she felt that a gesture of independence ought to be made.

As the car slowed down for the corner, Hetta opened the door. As she expected, Eric's mute answer was to step on the accelerator and take the corner on two wheels.

After that she made no further attempts to escape. Instead she wrapped her evening cloak around her and settled herself more comfortably in the seat to await events. He could not see that her lips were smiling and that a sparkle had entered her eyes.

ERIC would have given a good deal to have glanced at her just then. Exactly how she was taking it he had no idea. He only knew that she might have had hysterics and she hadn't, and that she might have called for help and she hadn't. They were two risks he had faced on the way from Piccadilly to Marble Arch. They were big ones, but to-night Eric Mansfield was gambling. He was fairly sure of only one thing: the night would not end in indifference. Of that, in one short evening, he had had his fill.

It was when they were crossing Hampstead Heath that the strain of the situation first began to tell on Hetta. The silence—not a word had been spoken since leaving Marble Arch—the smooth speed of the car, and the intentness of his face were not exactly lulling even to a modern young woman with her full share of courage. Hetta was all that, but on the other hand she had not known him very long. Before she realised it she had spoken.

"I hope we shall not be late in the morning as I have an appointment with my hairdresser at ten." The nonchalance was a little overdone, and the cigarette she lit immediately after was not wholly a gesture.

"You will be back in time," was all he said.

With Spaniards Gate behind them, they entered a district unknown to Hetta. There was as yet no lack of houses, and consequently her uneasiness remained subdued. Nevertheless it grew, and she seriously debated with herself the advisability of shouting for help when she saw a policeman some way ahead at an important five-way cross-roads. The car, however, swerved sharply to the left before they reached him and her opportunity did not materialise.

Thereafter they went uphill a short distance and then down a steep decline. Very soon trees appeared, and suddenly she realised that the last house was some hundreds of feet in the rear. She peered out into the darkness but could see nothing but hedges and occasional trees

"YES, it's a spot not many people know of—the depths of the country a mile or two from Piccadilly. Unexpected, isn't it?" The matter-of-fact voice was not encouraging.

"It may interest you to know that Elstree is on your right, about five miles. In a moment the nearest house will be a mile to the rear."

They entered an avenue of trees and at the bottom of a little hill he pulled up.

"Get out."

Hetta did not move. "What are you going to do—throttle me?" She spoke lightly and her voice held no hint of the fear that was rising.

'No. I shall probably merely kiss you—afterwards."

She sighed. It was a real sigh, but it was not intended that he should think so "You relieve me. Why not inside the car. It is much more comfortable."

"Because I prefer to talk in the open air. Get out!"

Hetta got. For a moment she had nearly lost her head.

Now she was steadily recovering poise. In another moment she would have the situation in hand. In fact, the pleasurable thrill which had oozed steadily away as Hampstead Heath was approached began to ooze back again. Her spirits rose.

She sat down on the running board and took out her case.

"You don't mind if I smoke, I hope, *Sir*."

She lit up without waiting for an answer.

NOW, Eric, though he had had it all his own way for the last half hour, had had many little pin pricks to put up with during the evening. He was ready for trouble, and when people are in that condition they do foolish things. He leant forward, removed the cigarette from between her lips, broke it and threw it away.

It was foolish because it made him look petty. He had stage managed the scene very nicely till now. Removing the cigarette was just the indication to his mood Hetta wanted. She raised her elegant eyebrows and folded her hands in her lap resignedly.

"Speak on, strong man."

Eric took a few steps up the road and then came back and faced her.

"I brought you out here because I thought I would like to blow off a little steam before I finish with the rubbish that you are," he said pleasantly. "So far you've had it all your own way. Now it's my turn.

"This afternoon I paid you the compliment of asking you to be my wife. I apologise—to myself. It is not a compliment I have paid any other woman." His voice rose. "I don't care whether you think me good, bad or indifferent, but it is the highest compliment any man can pay a woman. Your answer was to start mudslinging. I stopped you at it. Had you been a man I might not have been so gentle.

"But this afternoon you also rev aled your hand. You are one of those women who collect scalps. You amuse yourself by playing with the feelings of your fellow creatures. Your wish is to get a man down, to make use of him and to keep him at your heels while you give nothing. As I said before, your reputation is unwholesomely good. In fact, you are one stage worse than the prostitute, who at least gives value for money. On second thoughts I shall not kiss you—for obvious reasons."

HE stopped, knowing full well he had gone too far, but, gambling still, prepared to brazen it out, if possible, to get her off her perch.

At his first words an ominous stillness had descended on Hetta. Now she rose and moved across to him.

"There is one thing I *am* going to give you though, Eric, whether you like it or not. It is that!" The smack resounded in the night like the crack of a whip. It had behind it all the force of a physique which had been developed—some might say—at the expense of more important things. Hetta, though small, was as fit as any sportswoman could be. She did not hunt, play tennis and swim for nothing.

For an instant Eric rocked. Then the passion that had been perilously near the surface more than once broke through. Before she could move to stop him he had shouldered her aside and was in the car with the door slammed against her. The car started with a jerk. It went a few yards, stopped, jerked into reverse, went forward again, and finally started back towards her, gathering speed as it came.

What happened next was alw ys a little vague to Hetta. To Eric it remained intensely vivid.

HE saw her figure in its white fur evening cloak move out into the glare of the headlights, realised her intention of stopping him and remembered the flickering instant when the decision to call her bluff was taken. Then came the savage, deliberate pressure on the accelerator. "She could jump for it!"

The car leapt forward; the figure remained stationary. The next intant the brakes shrieked, the car lurched forward once on its springs and was still. He could not see it, but he knew that the buffer-guard was pressing the fur of her cloak against her legs. She had not moved.

For a moment he slumped forward over the wheel, whether from relief or chagrin he did not know. When he looked up she was passing the off-side wing. He leant over and opened the door for her, his only feeling a desperate hopelessness. A moment later the car was gathering speed in the darkness.

THE first five minutes of the homeward drive were to Hetta a gradual awakening from daze. There had been one flashing instant out there in the road when she had seen the car leap towards her and had known that she would let him run her down. She had expected him to do it and the shriek of the brakes had not reached her. It was the sudden silence after the roar of an engine racing on low gear that first brought her to the realisation that he had stopped.

The girl who literally crept into the tonneau to her seat beside the driver was still dazed. So little sense of victory had she that her knees were trembling and her teeth chattering.

Nevertheless she had won and her ignorance of the fact could make no difference to Eric's state of mind. The feeling of the bottom having dropped out of life was still paramount in him as he breasted the hill and changed down to second gear. It was as they topped the rise, the throbbing engine making no effort of the gradient, that something of the old spirit of recklessness came back—perhaps through the vibrating floor-boards. He pressed on the accelerator. In another moment he had found his outlet.

The last shreds of Hetta's daze vanished when they took the corner by which they had avoided the policeman on the outward journey in a dry skid. She had already realised that Eric was a good, or rather a skilful driver. She now began to realise just how skilful. By the time she had recovered from that first corner, the speedometer needle was moving steadily past the 55 mark and seemed not at all inclined to pause. The hairpin bend some distance before Spaniards Gate involved another screeching skid. It was with no little difficulty that she retained her seat. Eric might have been made of stone for all the notice he took.

DESPITE corners, the throttle was wide again before they were fairly on to the Heath, and it seemed to her but a flash before they were dropping down the short, steep hill on the London side.

Some more turns, another race downhill and Swiss Cottage was reached. Opposite the all-night cab rank the brakes screeched once more and the car came to a standstill. Eric leant across her and opened the door.

Wondering, Hetta got out. He followed. Without a word he crossed the road, opened the door of the first taxi and stood aside, waiting for her. Hetta, from whom all the fight had gone, obeyed the gesture meekly and the door slammed on her.

Eric fumbled in his pocket, produced a ten shilling note and gave it to the driver.

"Where to, Sir?"

The simple question was too much for a disappointed and exasperated mind.

"To—to blazes!" He strode back to the car.

He was already sliding away from the curb when, out of the corner of his eye, he saw the door open and a figure in a white fur evening cloak slip into the seat beside him. With a gesture of resignation he released the clutch pedal and relaxed back and sideways in his seat, facing her. Though he said nothing words were written plainly in his attitude. "What now? I have abducted you, I have called you all the names in Christendom, I have tried to run you down and ended by risking both your neck and mine. What more do you want?"

Hetta's eyes were deprecating. "He doesn't know the way, Eric. I—I prefer the driver who does."

. . . . . .

CONSIDERABLY later, when he was driving her home, she looked up sideways at him. Bright eyes held a sly twinkle.

"You have strange ways of making love, Eric, but they come to the same thing in the end."

"By the Grace of God, yes," said Eric.

X. D. S.

Anne Bolt, the nineteen-year-old actress who is the leading lady in the new musical version of "The Toymaker of Nuremberg," which was produced at the Kingsway Theatre last Saturday, December 20. Last year she played the Fairy Queen in the Lyceum Pantomime. She started to learn singing and dancing during her school holidays when she was thirteen years old. Above is seen a sketch for one of the scenes in this production specially made by one of our cleverest scenic artists, Mr. George Sheringham, by whose courtesy it is reproduced

Photograph by Sasha

FILM NOTES

Lady Tree as a society grandmother, and Bert Coote as an absent-minded friend who gets in an entanglement—but only with the wool—in an amusing scene from the new Stoll-Butcher talkie, "Such is the Law," produced by Sinclair Hill. This picture will be among the Christmas season attractions at the Alhambra

SOME CHRISTMAS WEEK FILMS

By Lionel Collier

AFTER two years of their life one cannot doubt but that the talkies gave British films a chance, although at first blush it looked as if the Americans had sprung an unpleasant surprise on us. The chance is being taken, and it is gratifying to notice how production is continually on the increase in this country, and that the standard, both technically and artistically, is improving. Our main assets are in our artists' voices, since the American accent is bound to strike a jarring note on unaccustomed ears, especially if the characters portrayed are English.

A FURTHER still partially untapped advantage lies in our playwrights and authors, especially if they would turn their attention to writing for the screen. In this respect a lead has been given by Frederick Lonsdale, who has declared he will confine his future work to pictorial expression. As he very rightly points out, there is a much wider scope in the matter of scenes and consequently in change of locale. There is no need for descriptive dialogue either if the camera is used with intelligence. My only regret is that Lonsdale's first efforts in this new medium are to be from an American concern. Perhaps his lead will be followed, however, and British producers would be wise to get the services of others before the U.S. snaps them up. A glance at the number of English stars in Hollywood will show that they are not slow at finding talent, or in exploiting it to its full advantage.

ACTIVITY in our studios is increasing weekly, and the old stigma, which did certainly exist, that if it was a British film it must necessarily be indifferent, is quickly disappearing. The old Stoll Studios have been reopened, and while Sinclair Hill's first picture for the company, "Such is the Law," is not what I had hoped from the director of "Dark Red Roses," it is a sign of returning prosperity in the production field. This picture will probably feature at the Alhambra during Christmas week. As a matter of fact, Sinclair Hill tried to combine the silent technique with the talkie by wedding a silent film to a subsidiary dialogue story, which described the pictorial action. It did not work, and mainly because it was something like an advanced edition of the old lantern show with raconteur at the side. Any experiment is better than none, and I am sure that Mr. Hill will give us something better in his next production.

WEST END Christmas attractions include "Billy the Kid," at the Empire. This picture, which features Johnny Mack Brown, and deals with the adventures of the famous outlaw, is the first film in this country to be shown on the wide screen. There is little doubt that the coming of this device will cause as great a revolution in the cinema world as did the talkies. What its final achievements will be is difficult to prophesy, but

Miss Jill Esmond-Moore, the talented young daughter of Miss Eva Moore and her late husband the late H. V. Esmond, in the film version of John Galsworthy's "The Skin Game," an Alfred Hitchcock production nearing completion at B.I.P.'s studios at Elstree

I have a feeling that its immediate effect will be to encourage the photographed stage play rather to the detriment of camera art. With a full stage, the temptation will be to copy stage sets.

S

JUST now there is a distinct movement back to silent technique, as witness "The Big Trail," at the New Gallery. It is in effect an elaboration of the old Western with Indians and everything, and relies for its entertainment on its pictorial sweep and spectacular scenes, rather than an intrinsic story value. In fact, I found it a long trail with the pettiness of the plot interfering with the grandeur of the conception of the pioneer days It does not equal "The Covered Wagon" in this sense.

Ralph Lynn, as the traveller cousin, tells how they do things in Mexico, to a very surprised Mary Brough and a slightly incredulous Yvonne Arnaud. A scene from "Tons of Money," a British and Dominion film

Evelyn Laye with John Boles in her first talkie, "One Heavenly Night," at the Tivoli on Boxing Day

MISS LAYE'S first American picture opens at the Tivoli on Boxing Day, and includes in the cast John Boles and Leon Errol. Besides the star, there are three other English artists, Lionel Belmore, Hugh Cameron, and Henry Victor. The musical direction, too, is by an Englishman, Frank Tours, who used to conduct the Plaza Orchestra.

The story has been adapted from Louis Bromfield's story, "Lilli," by Sidney Howard.

"Viennese Nights" continues at the Leicester Square Theatre. The story, which covers a period of fifty years, is the first operetta to be written especially for the screen by Oscar Hammerstein.

Altogether, the London theatres are providing varied fare, and certainly films of universal interest so far as their casts are concerned. L. C.

Two pictures, both featuring British stars, provide the holiday fare at the Carlton and the Tivoli; the former presenting Jack Buchanan and Jeanette MacDonald in "Monte Carlo," and the latter Evelyn Laye in "One Heavenly Night." "Monte Carlo" was produced by Ernst Lubitsch, one of the world's greatest directors, who was responsible for "The Love Parade." The story is a composition of two stories, or rather parts of two stories, "The Blue Coast," by Hans Mueller, and "Monsieur Beaucaire," by Booth Tarkington. The publicity calls it "one big round of romance," but I hope for something better than that. It will appear early in the New Year.

"One often does things at night one regrets in the morning." Jack Buchanan and Jeanette MacDonald in a scene from "Monte Carlo," which is showing at the Carlton during Christmas

BY STARR WOOD

"What on earth have you bought all these old magazines for?"
"I've just acquired a dental practice"

Special Press

THE TIME OF YULE

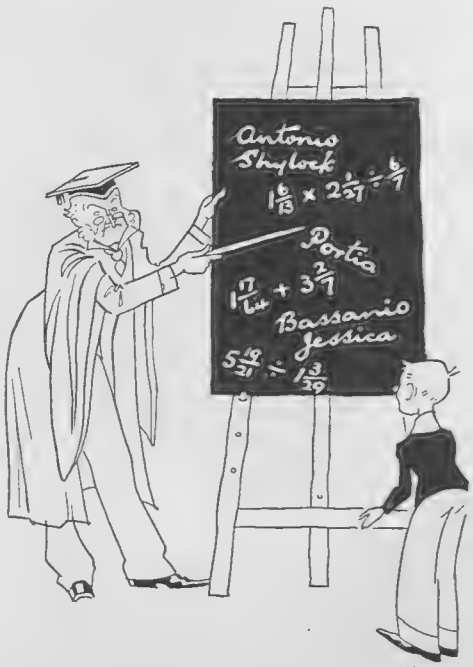
Children in an Essex village put in some really hard work pulling the newly cut Yule logs to the cart which will take them to the houses in readiness for the traditional Christmas log fire

WILL SHAKESPEARE LIVE?

By J. A. Hammerton

"A WORLD without Shakespeare is unthinkable." Thus a literary friend of mine who loves to make sweeping statements that sound well and make the unreflective exclaim: "How true!" But the bolder they are the farther are they from the truth. The proper answer to the phrase I quote is "Bosh!" From the beginning of human life until the year 1564 may have been anything between fifty thousand and a million years. There was no Shakespeare all that time! Yet glorious ages of culture had been witnessed in the East and in Europe. A world without Shakespeare is not only thinkable, it is a certainty. It has been, and it will be again. His own countrymen were perfectly content to go on without him. For more than a generation he was as dead to England as Marie Corelli is to-day, or Arnold Bennett will be to-morrow. Some pertinacious Germans re-discovered him for his countrymen and for humanity.

THE British love their Shakespeare so devotedly that they refuse to witness his immortal works produced on the stage with the tawdry trappings of modern theatrecraft. They like to see them in beautifully bound volumes whose gilt backs look effective on book-shelves. And they are content to leave them there. Being compelled at school to learn *The Merchant of Venice* or *King Lear*, together with vulgar fractions, vast numbers of readers acquire a distaste for our greatest literature and turn gladly to Edgar Wallace and Ethel M. Dell. A world without Shakespeare! Why, the British world exists already largely without Shakespeare. Save that in the daily exchange of educated talk and wherever good English is being written the inexhaustible fount of his wisdom is still drawn upon and the unmatched utterance of his thought used to enrich a weaker medium, to what extent does Shakespeare for the generality of folk make the world different to-day?



"Compelled to learn "The Merchant of Venice" . . . together with vulgar fractions"

General Picture News

Anne Hathaway's cottage near Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare wooed and won his bride, has been rethatched. Four tons of specially grown Cotswold straw, together with many thousands of buckles and stretchers from willows on the banks of the Avon, were used for the work

I SHOULD like to see a hundred men and women being asked to stand up in the Albert Hall by some Gipsy Smith evangelist of literature and confess how much of Shakespeare they had read in the year 1930. Most of them would have to say that, apart from a tear-off calendar with daily thoughts from the immortal bard, they had not consecrated much time to his works this year. All the worse for them, in my opinion; but literary enthusiasm has its dangers no less than literary indifference. Oddly enough, in the first of this series of "The Literary Show" I had occasion to recall the extravagances of the most eminent Shakespearians of the late eighteenth century, when young Ireland's forgeries were presented to the world with the complete approval of the learned

pundits of the day as the unquestionable work of the author of *Hamlet*, and in this, my concluding article, here are Shakespeare and his critics again engaging my mind.

THE farthest thing from my mind, however, is to show sympathy with those who are ready to sneer at the man Shakespeare as the impossible author of the plays which bear his name, or those who, like my friend aforesaid, can never speak of the plays themselves without making heavy inroads upon the stock of superlatives in English speech. Every time I reread anything of Shakespeare's I feel that way myself. But when I put the question: "Will Shakespeare live?" I do so in all seriousness.

"Tear-off calendar with daily thoughts from the immortal bard"

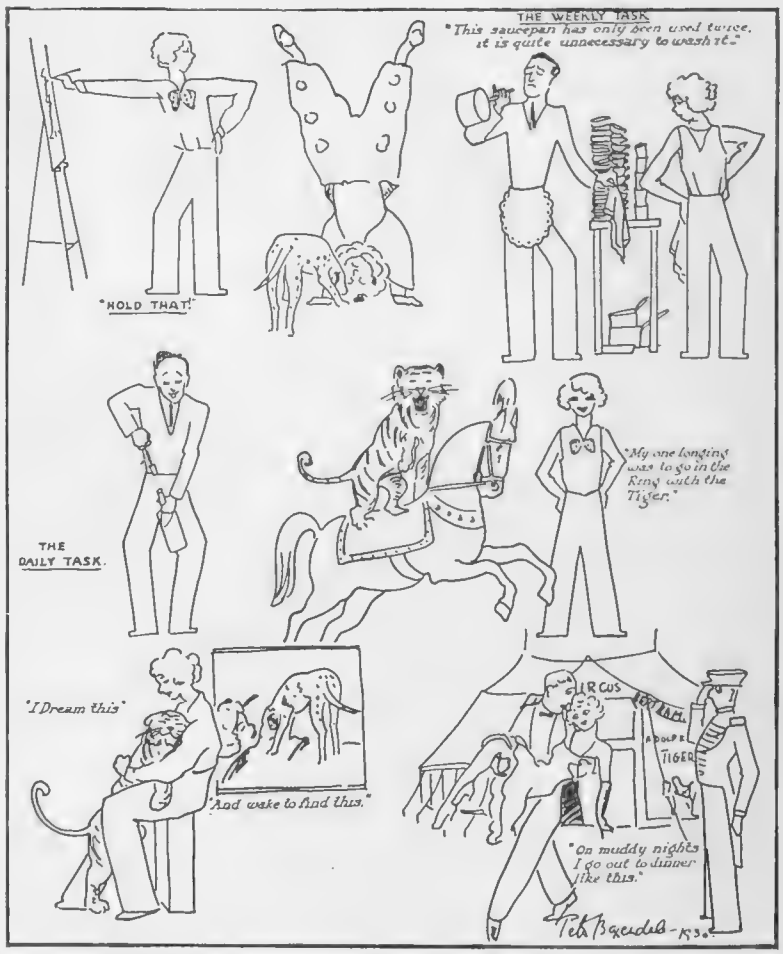
It is worth considering for a moment what is meant by "living." I read an essay by Dean Inge two or three days ago in which, while taking his stand upon the symbolism of the Bible, he accepted without a qualm Sir James Jeans's 1,500 million years as the age of the earth and the thousands of millions of years of further life which that brilliant scientist has promised our old planet. Dean Inge, whose ability to reconcile biblical statement with scientific speculation shows mental nimbleness not usually associated with his holy office, is quite prepared to believe that in a million years from now mankind will have made some considerable progress beyond its present mental state. So far as our finite minds are concerned a million years, which in the unimaginable largeness of time is but the twinkling of an eye, offers as good a notion of eternity as any longer period that might be conceived.

NO man in his senses supposes that in a million years from now Shakespeare, or Dante, or Sophocles, or Aristotle, or any single name we know identifying great intellects that have endured the contemptibly brief hour from the days of Homer to those of Einstein, will live in the minds of future man. Such undreamed-of efflorescences of genius will appear and disappear in the next million years that a hundred Shakespeares and a thousand Aristophanes will have vanished as effectively as the gnats that live their infinitesimal fraction of time before our eyes. It is highly improbable that even books will be familiar things in a million years from now. So that when we hear the highbrows talking blandly in their Bloomsbury coteries about the certainty that this great novelist of to-day will "live," and that young poet will be articulate in ages to come, just let our thoughts race forward for a moment to that distant time in which Dean Inge is evidently prepared to believe mankind will still be Christian and possibly still listening to a preacher at St. Paul's. All that can be said with any sort of warranty of common sense is that Shakespeare will probably continue to interest a diminishing public for a few centuries longer, until he and the whole body of English literature and our vaunted British Empire fade into the background of a life whose manifestations not the most imaginative amongst us can begin to guess at.

IN my youth I was as bigoted and intolerant as Sidney Lee himself in my attitude to the Baconites, and, indeed, to all who sought for the works of Shakespeare another author than their traditional begetter. But I now incline to think it is only fair to admit that although these doubters may have bees in their bonnets they have, since the days of Delia Bacon, expended an immense amount of ingenuity in their propaganda, and have helped not a little to maintain interest in the authorship of the group of works, neglected as literature by their writer in his lifetime, which forms the apex of the literary achievement of the English race.

Of all the stupid objections urged against Shakespeare as the author of the plays that bear his name, I think it has been left to Mr. Bernard Hall, director of the Australian National Art Gallery, to advance the stupidest. He argues that Shakespeare, in the very few instances where copies of his signature have been preserved, spells his name as Shakspere, whereas in all printed references to the author of the plays the name is invariably spelt Shakspeare (or occasionally with an e after k). The notion of Mr. Bernard Hall, that when the young man came up from Stratford to London, and eventually became connected with the theatre, he found there in some old chest the manuscripts of the plays which he did no more than revise and adapt, is quite sufficient to make Sir Sidney Lee turn in his grave.

J. A. H.



Peter Baxendale, the Society portrait artist, spent two months caravanning with Mr. Bertram Mills's circus. Above are seen sketches of some incidents in her daily life

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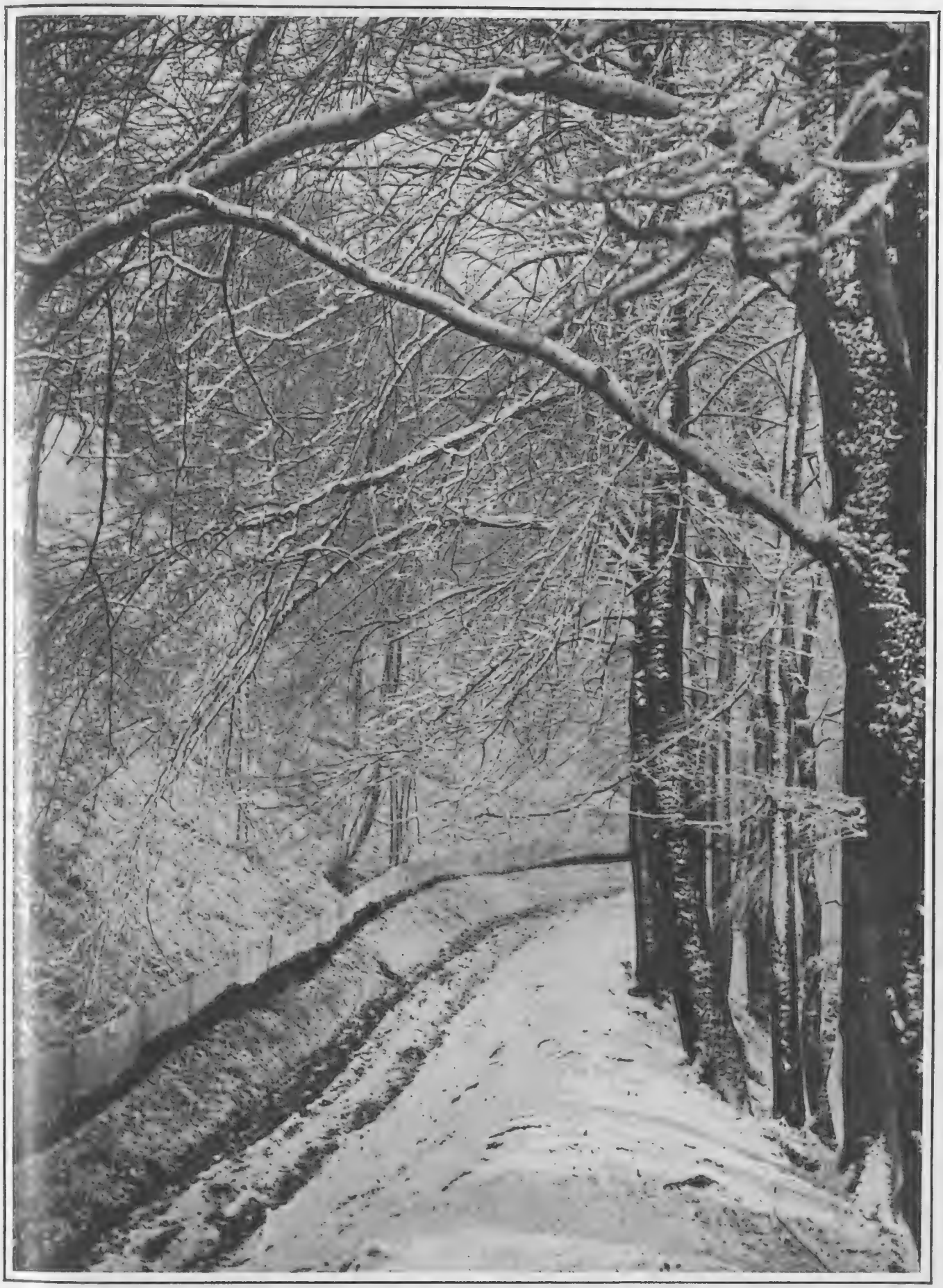
Owing to the literary and editorial engagements of our contributor, Mr. J. A. Hammerton, whose articles under the title of "The Literary Show" have been so popular a feature of THE BYSTANDER throughout this year, he finds himself unable to continue these for the present, and we regret that the series finished with the article which we print to-day. We hope, however, that at some future time he may be able to resume, as he is our oldest contributor and wrote regularly for some years in our pages, beginning with the first number. He is at present engaged in preparing a selection from his old BYSTANDER articles of a quarter of a century ago, to be published next spring under the title of "A Bookman's Diary."



A CHRISTMAS SCENE IN A TRADITIONAL SETTING

A picturesque scene in a snow-covered lane near Wendover, in beautiful Buckinghamshire

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

A LOOK ROUND — By Ralph Straus

THIS is the time when we are expected to look back over the past twelve months and pick out "the book of the year," or "the best six novels," or "the greatest addition to literature," or something provocative of that kind. If I had my way I would print a list of new books which ought to have been quietly strangled before reaching the printer's composing room. I would like to have their authors up before me on a charge of murdering the English language, and to sentence them to be apprenticed for seven (or preferably fourteen) years to some useful trade. Lord, what mush sees the light these days!

WITH the laudable intention of finding whether I had perchance missed some near-masterpiece, I recently put aside for special examination a baker's dozen of novels, all published this autumn, but not yet "discovered" by the critics. I thought to myself: I will play Mæcenas to our unknown geniuses, and when they are famous and rich they will pension me off. Alas, I could not read through one of those thirteen books. Impossible dialogue, the good (I mean bad) old phrases trotted out in every other line, mistakes in grammar which a farm labourer would have been ashamed to make; a futile travesty of life—why is it that so many otherwise blameless folk with no more literary ability than my dog possesses think they can *write*?

AND yet, of course, there are any number of good novels printed which do not receive their rightful recognition. Sometimes this is partly the author's or the publisher's fault. A bad title, a wrong jacket, a more than usually fatuous blurb—these things can do much to stop the sales of a book. Take, for instance, Mr. Alec Brown's new novel. It is called *Green Lane; or, The Moat Farm Murder* (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.*). You look at the jacket. It is a good jacket so far as the drawing and design and colouring are concerned, but is it the right one for the book? You see the body of a young man hanging from a tree. He is dead, very dead indeed. You read the title of the book and draw your own conclusions. Another mystery story. Somebody has murdered the young man, and every character in the story will be suspected. And in the last chapter we shall learn that the young man who was supposed to have been murdered is the real murderer, or that there never was a murder, or that—— But you know the kind of thing that happens in these "thrillers."

MR. BROWN, however, has not the least intention of following in the footsteps of Mr. Wallace or Mrs. Christie or any other dexterous mystery-monger. There is nothing whatever to guess in his story. It is a plain tale of a lonely, misunderstood man, a gentleman-farmer seeking to forget an unhappy marriage which has now been dissolved; who cannot stand up against the suspicions of his neighbours when a girl in his employ is found murdered on his own land. You know that this man is innocent; you know soon enough who is the criminal. You like the farmer, and hope that he will finally triumph. But there is that tell-tale jacket. I admit that there is nothing to show which young man is so lugubriously hanging from the tree, but you draw your own conclusions, and in this case they are right.

NEVERTHELESS, this rustic tragedy is very well worth reading. Mr. Brown knows how devilishly cruel a tiny village, far away from main roads and big towns, can be. In its midst the age-old Puritan outlook persists. This farmer is a new man, a "foreigner," and that in itself is almost a crime. They may be willing to give him the benefit of the doubt, but not after the news reaches them that he has been mixed up in a divorce. That he was the innocent party in the divorce does not matter; a man of that type is obviously a potential murderer. Fantastic? No; this kind of thing does happen, even the unfortunate farmer's suicide when he believes himself to be despised and rejected of men. It is not, of course, a very cheerful book, but it is not depressing; and of its kind it is one of the best that I have read for some time.

Keystone

Mr. Michael Arlen, the famous author, and his wife, Countess Atalanta Mercati, holidaying in Switzerland. The latter recently presented him with a son and heir

TALKING, moreover, of crimes without mystery reminds me that of recent times the peripatetic Mr. Diamond and the philanthropic Mr. Capone have both been much in the public eye. A glamorous air has even been allowed to surround them. That, perhaps, is not very surprising; your picturesque scoundrel can always be sure of a romantic halo of some kind or other, and his picturesqueness, luckily for him, is rarely taken at first hand. But what is really surprising is the strength and efficiency of these gangsters' organisations, and if you wish to be taken behind the scenes of American underworldom, I suggest that you read Mr. Charles Francis Coe's story, *Gunman* (Mundanus: 3*s.*). This is a novel, but the authenticity of its pictures can hardly be doubted.

YOU may not be interested in these American crooks. (You may be like the Victorian lady who had no wish to read novels about people who were not her equals in the social scale.) But this account of a Chicago egg-merchant who leads the chief gang in the city, and lives in a fortress and bribes judges and police, and gets bumped off (is that the right expression?) at the wrong moment cannot fail to entertain you. Mr. Coe, too, makes you understand how this strange gang warfare has come to be. You realise, probably for the first time, the enormous difficulties against which the authorities have to contend. Incidentally, you come to see what further difficulties would undoubtedly follow on the repeal of the eighteenth amendment.

AT the moment the gangsters' organisation is about as perfect as anything of the kind very well could be. But the majority of the money obtained comes from the illicit selling of drink. If anybody once again is allowed to sell drink, what are the poor gangsters with all their machine-guns and fortresses and iron shirts going to do? They will be obliged to have recourse to "straight" crime, and what that means would have turned even the blood of Sherlock Holmes himself very cold.

SHOOTING NOTES

THE TENANTS' SHOOT

By "Clodhopper"

Sport and General

Guns in action during the pheasant shoot given by Mr. F. Dudley Docker. It was held at Stoneleigh Park, Kenilworth

IN the prosperous days of rural England, before landowners were bled white by Socialistic vampires of the Snowdenian order, and their sporting estates broken up or leased to shooting syndicates of commercial methods and instincts, the tenants' shoot at the close of the season was a time-honoured annual event, and one which did much towards cementing goodwill and the spirit of friendship between landowners and farmers and such local sportsmen as were invited to these very enjoyable shoots.

THE tenants' shoot was—and still is in some parts of the country—usually held shortly after Christmas, by which time most coverts would have been shot more than once. But the majority of the older school of game preservers were such good sportsmen themselves that they were careful in leaving a sufficient head of cock pheasants and rabbits in their coverts to afford plenty of sport to their less fortunate neighbours.

THE organisation and conduct of a farmers' shoot should be left in the hands of the head keeper. He will know, probably, every safe and unsafe shot in the district; where to place the guns to the best advantage in regard to both the bag and the common safety of the party; while, as the host of the day, he may, with a very little diplomacy, strengthen the ties of good fellowship which should exist between every gamekeeper and his employer's tenants.

IN my experience the attendance of either the "guv'nor" or his friends at a tenants' shoot is apt to put rather a damper on the day's sport. The average farmer, though often quite good at rabbits and "walked up" birds, is not very brilliant at high pheasants or at such as may be flushed in mid-covert even. Nor is his shooting likely to be improved by the presence of anyone who from constant practice has become an expert game shot. The appearance of the owner of the shoot at lunch, on the other hand, will be greatly appreciated, particularly if he happens to have provided the feast as well as the sport.

IT is to be feared that the tenants' shoot, like the beaters' supper and many other good old customs of the countryside, are gradually but surely dying out. Agricultural and trade depression have undoubtedly been largely responsible for all this. Nevertheless, one ventures to say that not a few modern owners and lessees of sporting estates are rather apt to regard the farmers' shoot as an obsolescent and unnecessary addition to their annual shooting expenses. Be this as it may, I have no hesitation in saying that game will ever be found more plentiful on preserves where such events take place than in those which are run upon purely selfish or cheese-paring lines.

I WAS, unfortunately, unable to attend the demonstration of the "Rocket" cartridge given by Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., recently. I am, however, indebted to "I.C.I." for a box of twenty-five "Eley-Rockets," a few of which I purpose trying on live game and the remainder at clay pigeons. The results will be given in my Notes in due course. I shall also have more to say anent the technical details of the remarkably ingenious sporting cartridge in question than is possible at the moment owing to the very limited space at my disposal.

IN the meanwhile I may mention that, having received many suggestions for the introduction of a similar device to that of the military "Tracer" bullet, to indicate the trajectory of the pellets in a shotgun charge, Imperial Chemical Industries have, after much investigation and experimental work, succeeded in solving what appeared to be an insoluble problem by developing the new "Eley-Rocket"—a cartridge which affords a sportsman ocular demonstration of errors in aiming and pulling and thereby enables him to correct such faults.

THE "Rocket" cartridge carries in the centre of the shot charge a small tracer pellet which is ignited by the discharge of the powder charges and burns brightly for a distance of at least 75 yards from the muzzle of the gun, having travelled that distance almost exactly in the centre of the shot charge.

THIS spot of light has therefore traced out the trajectory of the shot charge. The ballistics are the same, and the shot charge is the standard load, 1 1/16 oz. This is, of course, a highly important point in their manufacture.

THE raison d'être of these cartridges is to enable either a game or clay pigeon shooter to correct possible errors in aiming. For example, should a competitor at a clay pigeon match begin by shooting well and later fall away from his form, he will be able, by the use of a "Rocket" cartridge, to determine where his shot charge is going. He may then correct his fault and return to his earlier form.

"CLODHOPPER."

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

THE UNFATHOMED SECRET OF GOOD SHOOTING.

THE cartridge which projects a streak of illumination to mark the shot's course of flight has set many minds trying to extract and define the fundamental essence of shooting skill. Correct aiming without forward allowance, though not easy, is just as useless as arriving at the station after the train has left. You have reached your objective but your arrival has not coincided with that of the train. In shooting the miss in front or behind correctly intersects the track of the bird, but shot and bird have not reached the same spot at the same moment. Pundits argue deeply about instinctive and calculated allowance, tables supply precise figures for sundry distances and speeds of bird, but theory remains an explanation of success rather than a guide for attaining it. The practised shooter has a habit of watching the flight of any bird that crosses his field of view, and he wonders whether the imaginary aim he takes has bit off the needful allowance. Gun in hand he does no thinking but watches the something inside him swing freely ahead and miss or kill as the case may be. All we know about the good shot is that he possesses a particular range of faculties and has been in the happy position to cultivate them—by practice, and practice alone. Useful advice he is incapable of giving. Even the shooting school relies mainly on the shooting itself to convey the needful information.

MOTOR NOTES

MOTORING FOR MOTORING'S SAKE

By E. M. Wright

"OUR GANG"

The famous young American film comedians enjoy an alfresco lunch. The car in the picture is a new American Austin Seven

CHRISTMAS is not a motoring holiday. The superabundance of Christmas cheer is probably partly responsible for our lethargy. The obvious attractions, too, of the Yuletide log tempt us to remain indoors. It would, indeed, be interesting to know the proportion of those who actually do use their cars on Christmas Day. Never at any time of the year, in all probability, are the roads so deserted as on Christmas afternoon. Motorists—in the sporting sense of the word—are nowhere to be seen. No one, or almost no one, uses his car just for the sake of enjoying a run. In the morning tradesmen delivering belated orders and church-goers hurrying to or from service have the roads to themselves. In the afternoon, even, the car is used merely for short visits to friends. Never does it occur to the average car owner to go for a jaunt just for the fun of motoring along almost deserted roads through a countryside as charming in its own way as in the height of summer.

***

YEAR after year I have preached the gospel of winter motoring. The absence of traffic, wonderful winter landscapes, the tang of crisp, clean air, and the joy of a glowing fire at the end of the day's run—these are but heads of subjects on which pages might be written. Yet even in the days of cosy saloon cars the average motorist, though he may use his car daily throughout the year for business trips, still regards motoring for motoring's sake as a purely summer pastime. He would as soon think of playing cricket in December as of spending the day on a run to some favourite haunt.

***

MANY of us this year, by hook or by crook, will be able to prolong our Christmas holidays over the week-end—giving four clear days at least—yet how many have even debated the possibility of a winter tour or of motoring to some resort and of spending the holiday in new surroundings? An increasing number of holiday resorts, it is true, which were formerly dependent solely on their summer influx of visitors, now enjoy a "little season" at Christmas-time. Others, however, still go into a winter sleep. Charming little holiday towns and villages which—truth to tell—are infinitely more attractive in the off season than when they are swarming with visitors, lie neglected and forgotten during the winter months. They lack the enterprise to advertise their charms, while would-be holiday-makers lack the initiative and the originality to seek them out.

***

NOT all motorists, however, hug the fireside during the Christmas holidays. Year after year on Boxing Day the classic London-Exeter trial draws competitors on every make of motor car and cycle from all parts of the kingdom. They laugh at winter storms. A night of hail and rain and snow merely adds zest to the trial.

***

SHOCKING "Colonial" roads and nightmare gradients with wicked hairpin bends are deliberately sought out by the organisers to give the run its full quota of thrills. While their less sporting brethren are dreaming the frightful dreams which follow a second and liberal helping of plum pudding, these others dream only of the gold medals which are the reward of skill and endurance.

The driver of a Ford Cabriolet being welcomed at the old Spread Eagle Inn at Midhurst, in Sussex, by the porter wearing Tudor costume. At this inn, which dates from 1430, Christmas is honoured in true mediæval fashion, and a bowl of hot punch brings the festivities to a conclusion at midnight

ALMOST anyone nowadays can drive a car—after a fashion. It is seldom, indeed, that the average motorist is called upon to display more than a modicum of skill. Almost foolproof cars and well-graded, well-paved roads demand very little of the man at the wheel. But those who aspire to success in any of the classic trials must have cars working at the top of their form, and must be able to drive them with the skill with which an old-time whip coaxed and urged a spirited four-in-hand. The spirit, too, which animates the trials enthusiast is the spirit which carried the pioneer motorist through all his troubles in the days of the chugging single-cylinder car. Were it not for such events as the London-Exeter that spirit would surely die. Indeed, I could sometimes wish that our cars were not so perfect, that our roads were not so uniformly good. Difficulties to surmount add the spice which makes life worth living. We need the thrill of achievement if motoring is to remain a pleasure.

(Continued on page 682)

BY STAN TERRY

"Is there anything more embarrassing than blushing when you shouldn't?"
"Yes—not blushing when you should!"

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 680)

IN THE NEWS

An Entertaining Book

ENTHUSIASTS for high-class coach-work—and they number legion amongst readers of THE BYSTANDER—will be fascinated by a new book that has just appeared on this subject. It is entitled "From Chariot to Car," and sketches briefly but interestingly the whole history of coach-building throughout the ages. The author is Mr. Robert J. Priest, of Barker and Co. (Coach-builders), Ltd., and though, naturally, much of his information is drawn from the records of that celebrated firm, this but adds to the interest. Included in the illustrations are whole page extracts from the accounts in the firm's ledgers, such as those of the Duke of Wellington, the Duchess of Bedford, and so forth. The concluding chapters deal with the modern methods at Barker's to-day, and show you exactly how their wonderful coach-work is constructed. Copies may be obtained post free by any reader who applies, mentioning THE BYSTANDER. The address is 66-69, South Audley Street, London, W.1.

Seven Months' World Tour

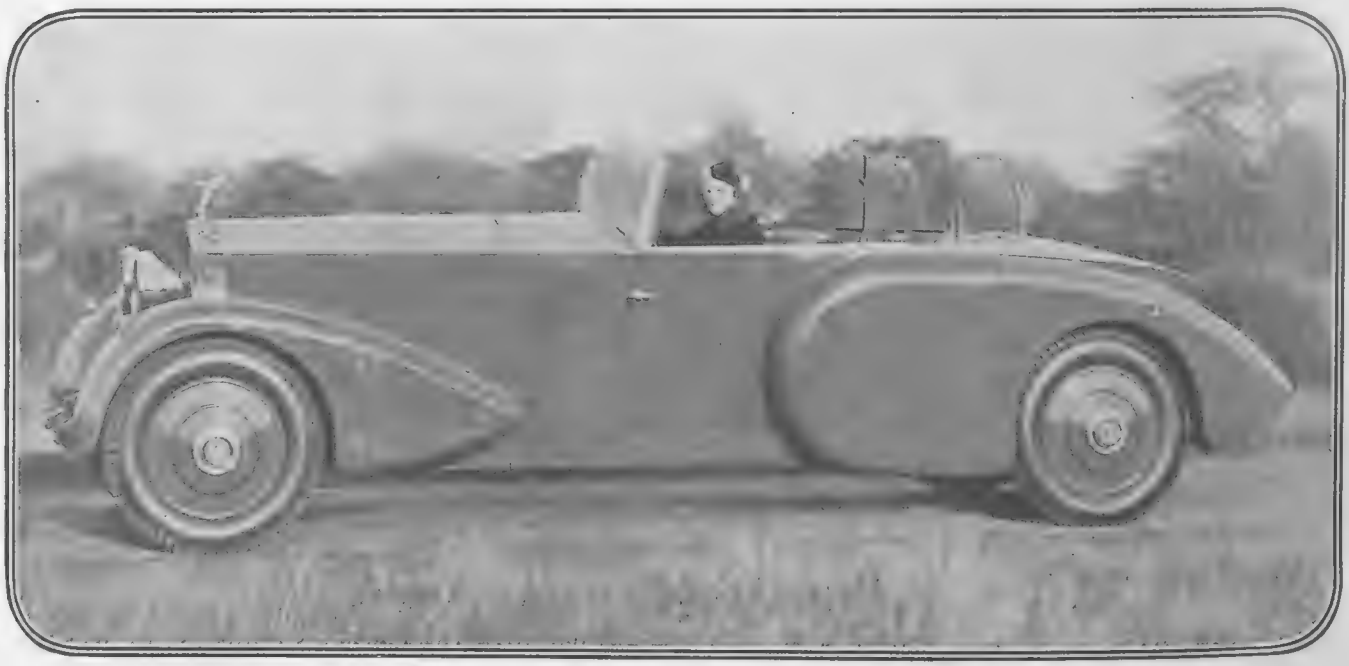
THE latest additions to the ranks of accomplished world tourists are Mr. C. E. Shippam and Mr. J. B. Dixon, who have just returned from a little jaunt of 18,000 miles round the globe in a Riley Nine car. It was on Thursday, April 24 last, that they slipped away quietly from the Riley works at Coventry, sailing next day for Quebec. Thence they proceeded via Toronto into the United States. New Zealand, Australia, Java, Singapore, Penang and Ceylon preceded a trip across India, including a non-stop run of 957 miles from Madras to Bombay. Shipping to Basra, they took car again to Baghdad and made a détour to Teheran in Persia. Then in company with a convoy they crossed the Syrian desert to Damascus. From Beirut they took ship to Brindisi, and concluded with a long and thorough tour of Italy, France, Austria, Hungary, Germany and Belgium.

Incidentally, the trip was one of the fastest world tours on record. It was expected to take a year, but was actually completed in a few days over seven months. The chassis of the Riley Nine used was standard except for additional petrol tanks and larger road wheels, with altered rear axle gearing to suit. The body was, of course, a special one, incorporating several items of interest, such as provision for carrying the very complete tool kit in the doors, commodious and comfortable sleeping accommodation with mosquito protection, and copper water tanks.

One of the Alpine six-cylinder Riley cars which Captain Geoffrey Malins will use on his sales expedition to Cape Town. In the rear compartment are specially built lockers for carrying cameras, stores, etc.

Scottish Motoring Annual

TIMES are not favourable for a new publication, but the courage of Mr. George H. Cutbush in producing a motoring annual for 1931 will probably be rewarded. It provides in compact form a great deal of information of value. The new motoring laws are explained lucidly, and there are chapters on road troubles, the trend of car design, foreign touring, vetting a second-hand car, and a section on flying. The "Motor World Annual" is published in Glasgow, and it will be particularly helpful to those who contemplate visiting Scotland—especially golfers. The Motoring and Golf Section is one of the best guides to golf courses in the North that I have seen. The Annual recommends some of the lesser-known but really good courses. The trade directory giving the names of the best garages and repairers is also useful. At 1*s.* 6*d.*, or 2*s.* post free, the Annual is the sort of value you expect from Scotland. It may be obtained through any bookseller or from *The Motor World*, 73, Dunlop Street, Glasgow. E. M. W.



A ROLLS-ROYCE SEMI-SPORTS TORPEDO CABRIOLET

This Phantom II Rolls-Royce, with a Barker body seating four persons and with a hood that is concealed when out of use, and with wind-up windows to doors, it is painted Ulster blue, with polished aluminium top deck, and is upholstered in blue leather

The 8 Litre

"SINGLE IN ITS KIND OF EXCELLENCE."

"It is pre-eminently an automobile capable of covering big mileages at high speeds with a minimum of attention.

"The top-gear speed range of which this car is capable with closed coachwork is in itself very unusual, the figures being a minimum of 6 m.p.h. and a maximum of 104 m.p.h. Additionally, the car runs very quietly, is docile and flexible in traffic, holds the road admirably, and is possessed of exceedingly good brakes.

"It is important to explain that the 8-litre Bentley is being made in a variety of forms to suit the individual requirements of the purchaser.

"The word 'unique' is sadly overworked. The dictionary definition is as follows: 'single in its kind of excellence.' In this sense and without qualification the new 8-litre Bentley is a unique car."

"THE MOTOR," Dec. 2, 1930.

BRITISH GOODRICH TYRES FITTED AS STANDARD.

BENTLEY

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CORK STREET, LONDON, W.1. 'Phone: Regent 6911. 'Grams: "Benmotlim, Phone, London."

FLYING NOTES

COMPETITION OR INTERNATIONAL AIR PORTS?

By
CAPT. C. E. WARD

"Two's company, three's none." Mr. John Tranum about to jump from a Spartan, leaving the pilot and Mr. Joxall, the photographer, to proceed alone

Planet News

Three Lines to the East

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS will be re-equipping the Indian mail route with larger and faster machines in the spring, the new Handley-Page forty-seater taking the place of the Argosy through Europe, a larger edition of the Calcutta flying-boat being used on the Mediterranean section, and the Handley-Page again from Egypt to India. Arrangements for the lighting of air-ports and landing grounds on the route should enable much time to be saved, because pilots will be able to alight with safety after dark and start before dawn. Incidentally, the Dutch air mail to the East Indies has been speeded up, and the British machines will find a strenuous competitor in the Fokker, with three Bristol Titan engines. When the Dutch service was reopened this year, the section from Karachi to Amsterdam was flown each way in five days with a heavy load of mail and goods. A French mail service to Indo-China is a possibility in the near future, which means that three lines would be covering roughly the same ground Eastwards from Egypt. An experimental flight from Paris to Saigon in a single-engined Farman monoplane was accomplished in the amazing time of five days, and on the return flight the Governor-General of Indo-China was flown to Marseilles in six days. Naturally, it is always possible to carry out a special flight in less time than is taken by machines running day in and day out on a regular service, but we shall have to pay more attention to speed for International routes, otherwise we shall have nothing to offer the prospective passenger or parcel except safety. The Christmas air mail delivered in India over the week-end by Imperial Airways' service was a record, nearly 70,000 letters, weighing approximately one ton, being carried.

Amphibians

To get the greatest possible value from a flying machine, one should be able to alight on land or water, for by such means maximum safety and mobility is achieved. Unfortunately, the additional weight of wheels on a flying boat or seaplane reduces the useful load which can be carried, and unless the chassis is completely retractable into the hull or wings, a loss in speed occurs. There has been a very definite demand for amphibians during recent years, and the well-known firm of Saunders Roe has produced several types, notably the Cutty Sark and the Saro-Cloud, which have proved in use to be very efficient aircraft. The Prince of Wales used one of the "Cloud" type when visiting the Do.X; he was able to leave from a London aerodrome, alight on the water alongside the flying boat at Calshot, and return to an aerodrome again in London. So far the greatest use has been made of amphibians in Canada and the United States, where large stretches of inland water exist over which it is unsafe to operate land machines consistently. The British Air Ministry has taken delivery of a Cutty Sark, which has two Gipsy engines, for instruction in navigation, and it is quite probable that one or more Service squadrons will be equipped with amphibians in the near future.

"Head in the Bag"

THE Canadian Government has decided that its Service pilots shall be specially trained in "blind flying," which used to be practised by what was known as "head in the bag," a species of perambulator hood being handed down over the pupil's head. The modern method is to use a cabin machine, and after lengthy tests the Puss Moth has been chosen as the ideal type; this, be it noted, in competition with firms from the United States, able to offer quicker delivery and possibly cheaper prices. Blind flying consists in controlling the machine by instruments, the pupil's view being obliterated so that he has to gauge his height, speed and balance from the luminous dials in the cabin. Training in flying at night, in clouds or in fog, can be obtained only by this method. The average commercial pilot has neither time nor inclination to indulge in experiments, and there is a call for a system of such advanced training in this country. It is certain that Miss Spooner's entry into the Mediterranean was not caused by the failure of a Gipsy engine, because she cabled De Havillands to that effect; but at the moment no story is available to account for such an ending to the flight.

The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce photographed with some little Japanese girls who presented her with large bouquets of flowers on her arrival in her Blackburn Bluebird. She was the first aviator to fly from England to Japan

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive Bystander *photograph* *By Lenare*

A LUXURIOUS AND COLOURFUL EVENING COAT

In the chill darkness of winter, colour is an important aid to beauty. This fascinating multi-hued metal brocade coat from Revillon Frères, 180, Regent Street, would enhance any woman's charm. It is enriched with soft white fur, so like fox that only the price—nineteen guineas—proves that it must be of humbler origin. It is lined with heavy white satin

TREASURE-HUNTING at the SALES

By OLIVE CALEY SMITH

A charming chiffon velvet coat, collared with soft white fur, and an embroidered georgette scarf from H. J. Nicoll

Plan Ahead

WITH the Christmas shopping finished and the parcels all safely dispatched, women have time to turn their thoughts to the January Sales—for, quite apart from the fact that such events always prove irresistible, they afford the clever shopper opportunities for economy which should not be missed. First, go through your wardrobe and decide what replacements are necessary. Then, having carefully studied the sale catalogues, decide exactly how much you want to spend on each item. Finally, leave a little money for luxuries and special bargains—and then let nothing deflect you from your course.

Tailored Clothes

BRIDGE coats are always useful, for they are warm, and they can magically transform a tired-looking frock. Sketched at the head of this page is a coat made of black chiffon velvet. It has a soft white fur collar, and will cost only 2½ guineas during the sale which begins on December 30 at H. J. Nicoll, 120, Regent Street. The charming georgette scarf embossed in velvet may be had in delightful colours for 18*s.* 11*d.* Fur-trimmed face cloth coats are being reduced from 8 guineas to 4½ guineas, crêpe suède blouses from 35*s.* 11*d.* to 24*s.* 6*d.*, while smart jumper suits will be available for only 21*s.*

A special reduction of 15 per cent. will be made on all orders tailored to measure.

Lingerie and Linen

UNDERCLOTHES are a safe sale-time choice. Those depicted on this page come from Robinson and Cleaver, 156, Regent Street, whose sale starts on December 29. The crêpe de Chine nightdress is edged with net and ornamented with hand embroidery. Expressed in delicate pastel shades it will cost 19*s.* 11*d.* A well-fitting lace hip band holds the knickers flat. In pure silk Milanese they will cost 12*s.* 11*d.*, and in artificial Milanese 9*s.* 6*d.* In addition, a large stock of fancy linen, comprising dinner sets, table and tea cloths, hemstitched, hand-embroidered, or edged with real lace, are to be cleared at half-price.

Gowns and Accessories

MODEL gowns for 6½ guineas instead of 21 guineas, metal brocade coatees for 49*s.* 6*d.* instead of 69*s.* 6*d.*, and crêpe de Chine slips with knickers attached for 25*s.* 9*d.* instead of 35*s.* 9*d.*—these are some of the attractive offers being made by Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, whose sale commences on January 1. Then there are delightful felt hats for 21*s.* 9*d.*, and country skirts in brown, fawn, or grey tweed for 29*s.* 6*d.*, to say nothing of all-wool cashmere hose at 2*s.* 11*d.*, pure silk stockings for 3*s.* 11*d.*, and washable doeskin or strong English chamois gloves for 4*s.* 11*d.*

Slender Grace

MODERN women have learned to appreciate the science of corsetry. Roussel, of Paris, has made a life-study of hygienic figure control, and the result is a complete series of comfortable belts which have a marvellously slimming effect. Each is woven in a light, porous elastic which maintains a continuous massaging action while in wear, and gradually reduces all superfluous flesh. An illustrated brochure will be sent free on request, or a visit should be paid to 177, Regent Street, 93, Oxford Street, or 8a, Thurloe Place, S.W.

Pink crêpe de Chine, edged with net and hand embroidered, is used for this delightful nightdress, while the knickers are composed of Milanese silk and lace. At Robinson and Cleaver

"SKI-ING"

One of the hundred and fifty photographs of Modern Russia in the exhibition arranged by the Camera Club at 17, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.2. This exhibition, which was opened by Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, will remain open until January 3rd

TWO PICTURESQUE MEETS of Famous Packs

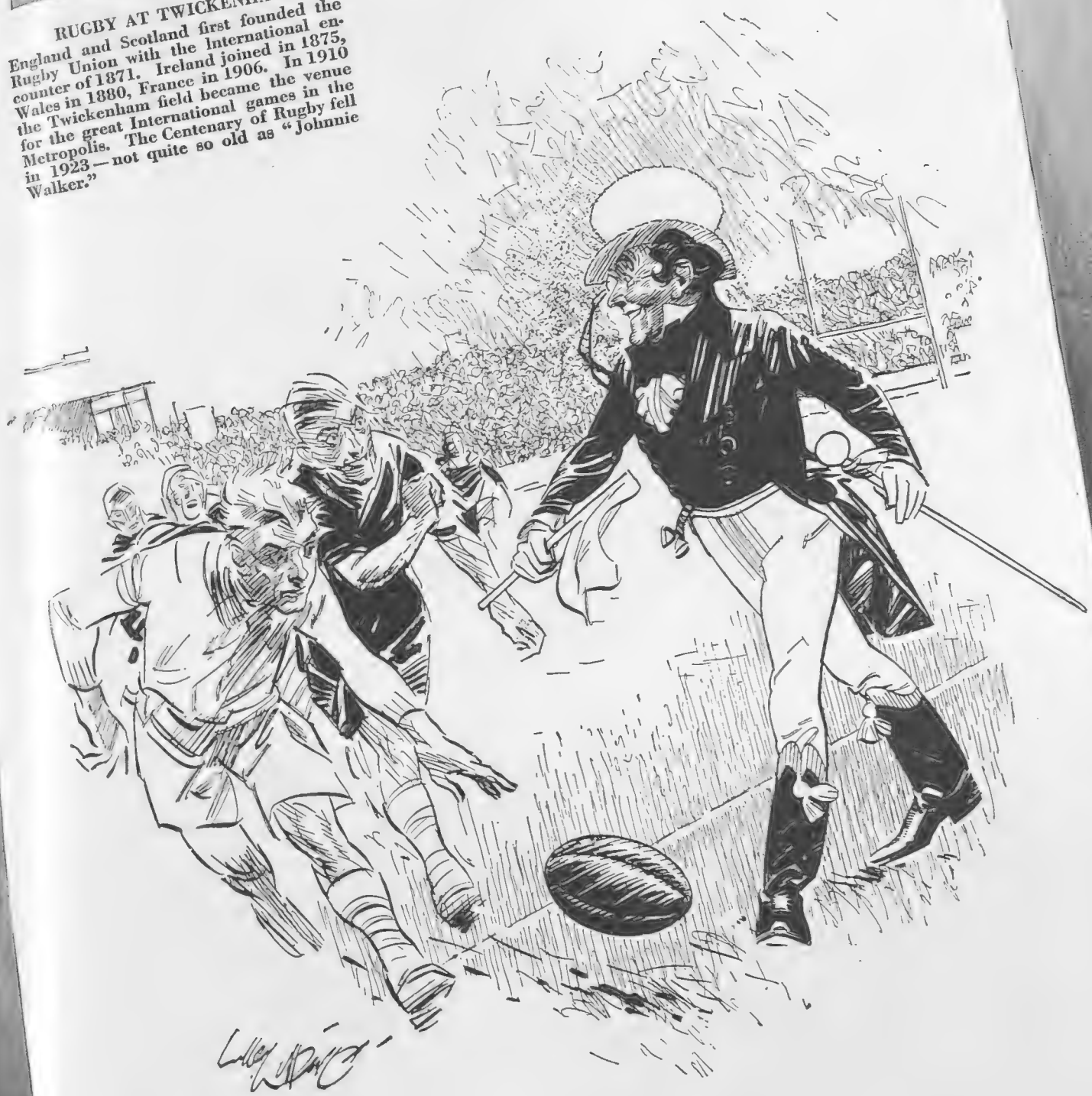
P. and A.

(Above) Hounds moving off through the gateway of the wonderful old Priory of St. Osyth, near Clacton, after a meet of the Essex and Suffolk. The hunt dates from 1803, and the present Masters are Colonel C. G. Mangles, on the Essex side, and Mr. J. G. Howells and Dr. A. B. Franey on the Suffolk side

The Cottesmore passing through Tilton Village on the way to the first covert during a recent morning's hunting. The Cottesmore, which hunt country in Leicestershire and Rutlandshire, meet on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays

RUGBY AT TWICKENHAM

England and Scotland first founded the Rugby Union with the International encounter of 1871. Ireland joined in 1875, Wales in 1880, France in 1906. In 1910 the Twickenham field became the venue for the great International games in the Metropolis. The Centenary of Rugby fell in 1923—not quite so old as "Johnnie Walker."



Rugger Player:

"What a bit of luck—
'in touch'
with Johnnie Walker"

Born 1820—Still going Strong

DOGS

"MANY BERRIES" and MATERNITY

By LADY KITTY RITSON

I CAME across a case not long ago which is really quite a common one, but which throws novices into a state of bewilderment. A certain collie bitch came in season, was shut up, and a little later showed every sign of pregnancy. She grew larger and larger, became ravenously hungry, and the owners prepared to greet a family, although they could not understand how she had got in whelp. One morning they went to let her out, and, lo and behold! she was the normal size, and there were no puppies. I was rung up and told that she had eaten the puppies. Now, the truth of the matter was that she had been suffering from false maternal impression, and there had never been any question of puppies at all. It is a fairly common occurrence, and is often a sign that the bitch should be mated. In fact, all bitches should be mated once in their lives, even if you do not keep the puppies (although you must let her bring up two or three).

IN a wild state she-wolves came in season only once a year, and probably dogs, when wild, did the same. It is civilisation that has made it a bi-annual occurrence. I expect that most wolves and wild dogs had a litter once a year, and I don't suppose that it did them any harm, being perfectly natural. The weaklings died, and the strong ones survived. The American Indians always had packs of dogs in their camps, partly to give the alarm and partly for transport use. The bigger dogs were either loaded with packs or else they dragged a travois, which consisted of the tipi poles lashed together and a netted receptable fastened between them, in which were placed the household goods.

Sport and General

Two fine prize-winning Irish Water Spaniels. They are seen at the National Dog Show at Bingley Hall, Birmingham

THERE is a most attractive Indian legend called "Many Berries," which relates how one night a family who were living in the woods away from the rest of the tribe noticed their dog's peculiar behaviour. She had puppies, and she was very restless, and kept picking them up in her mouth and walking to the door of the tipi. She looked up into their faces and begged them to let her out. Finally, they did so, and, following her, found that she had hidden them all under a bush. The owners became suspicious, and therefore scouted round, and discovered a big war-party. Creeping away, they reached the main camp of the tribe and warned them just in time, for their enemies had intended wiping out the entire race of warriors. In gratitude to "Many Berries" they helped her to bring up all her puppies, and she was a petted dog, and never had to drag a travois for the rest of her life.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Please be Santa Claus to a destitute little one this Christmas.

There are 8,291 children in the Barnardo Family.

10/-

will feed one child for 10 days at the Christmas Season.

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, addressed Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 74 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1

JOHN JORROCKS, M F.H.

Here is a gay ornament for any hunting household. The immortal Jorrocks stands beside a milestone marking 4 miles to Handley Cross, and, from the vantage point of mantelpiece or bureau, his rubicund features radiate cheerfulness and good humour even at breakfast time. Height 8 inches.

PRICE 31s. 6d.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

"Give me Player's every time"

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THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Dîner

HORS D'ŒUVRES VARIÉS.
PURÉE DE MARRONS.
COTELETTES DE HOMARD.
FRICASSÉE DE VOLAILLE.
POMME DE TERRE FRITES.
ÉPINARDS AU JUS.
CRÊME À LA MILANAISE.
SOUFFLÉ AU PARMESAN.
CAFÉ. DESSERT.

The amusing cover of a menu at Bellometti's

Purée de Marrons

BOIL one quart of large chestnuts for twenty minutes. Remove shells and skins. Put in a saucepan and cover with boiling water. Add a teaspoonful of salt and a small piece of lemon rind. When soft rub through a sieve. Then pour over the chestnut mixture, stirring all the time, two quarts of veal or chicken broth, a wineglassful of cream, and a tablespoonful of butter rolled in flour. Bring to a boil, and serve very hot.

Cotelettes de Homard

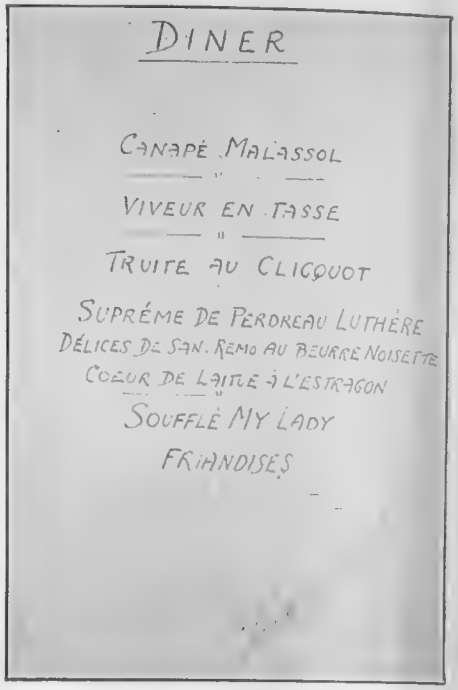
REMOVE the flesh from the body of a lobster and cut it up. Pound some coral in a mortar with half-ounce of butter, and rub it through a hair sieve. Melt 1 oz. of butter in a stewpan, mix in 1 oz. of flour, add a gill of cold water, and stir till it thickens. Then add the coral and butter and cook well. Next add two tablespoonfuls of cream, a few drops of lemon juice, cayenne pepper, salt, and, lastly, the chopped lobster. Spread the mixture on a plate to cool. When cool shape into cutlets. Egg and breadcrumb, and fry in hot fat in a frying basket. Place a piece of the feeler in each to represent a bone, and garnish with fried parsley.

Fricassée de Volaille

CUT a chicken into joints, fry the pieces in butter or olive oil in a sauté-pan. Pour off the oil or butter, and add a minced shallot; let this cook a little, then moisten with some well-seasoned brown sauce. Cover the pan and cook gently for thirty-five minutes. About fifteen minutes before serving add twenty stuffed olives, and dish up on a croûton of fried bread. Pour the sauce round and serve.

Soufflé au Parmesan

MIX one teaspoonful of flour smoothly with half a pint of milk and a little salt and pepper; simmer the mixture over the fire, stirring all the time, till it is as thick as melted butter. Stir into this 8 oz. of Parmesan cheese; turn it into a basin and mix with the yolks of four well-beaten eggs. Whisk the whites to a stiff froth, and just before the soufflé is baked put them into it, and pour the mixture into a soufflé dish, which should only be half filled. Bake from twenty minutes to half an hour and serve immediately.



The menu of a dinner served at Bellometti's, the popular Bohemian restaurant in Soho Square. It has been signed by M. Fausto Bellometti

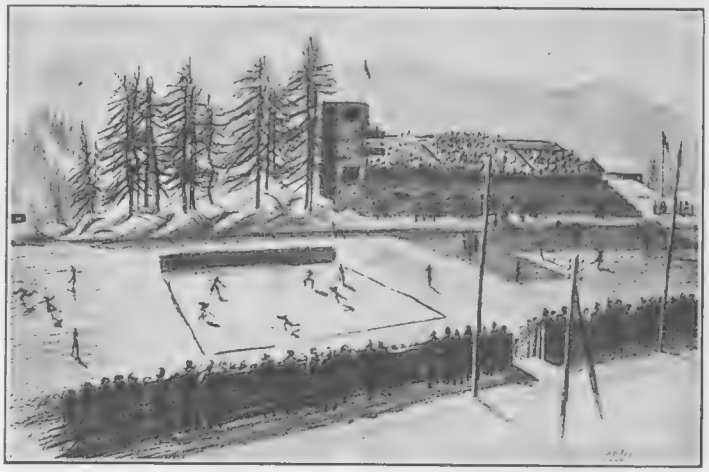
THE EDITOR'S BOX

For Deafened Ladies

Camouflage was used with success in the War, and now has been extended to assist the afflicted. If you are deaf, there is now no longer the need "to tell the world." Being deaf draws attention to your disability in many ways—either you strain and show the strain in your face, or you put your hand behind your ear and immediately draw attention; or you decide to save your hearing and so lead an isolated life. The New "Ardente" wrist-button method, to match your jewellery or clothes, enables you to take part in everything that goes to make up a happy life—indoor or outdoor. You become one of your fellows, instead of one apart from them, and, what is important, your disability is neutralised and no one (not even yourself) is reminded of your deafened ears, because you get inconspicuous hearing, and live and hear as other women (and men) do. Or why not hear through your handbag which matches your day or evening clothes—or your hat-brooch can be your hearing help? A test is yours for the asking. Mr. R. H. Dent, the young acoustician-inventor, is here at your service. Come in and ask to hear in confidence and with confidence; there is no need to be timid or sceptical. The test is simpler than eye-test, and there is a lady receptionist also in attendance. Whilst hearing about your deafness and discussing your hearing, you are proving that you can hear all the while. Bring your friend or doctor with you and you can hear them, too! Apply to Mr. R. H. Dent, 309, Oxford Street, London, W.1. Men can get "Hearing in a pocket," or wrist, too—or even in a walking-stick or umbrella. They, too, are invited to come in and ask to hear.

"Piper, Please!"

At all social functions during the past season a champagne that has more than held its ground in public favour is the well-known brand of Piper-Heidsieck. As must inevitably happen when a wine is outstandingly popular, a vintage is rapidly consumed, and lucky now is the individual who can sit down frequently to a bottle of "1919" with his dinner. Its place has, however, been filled by the 1921 and 1923 vintages which are now to be obtained at the leading hotels and restaurants throughout the country. Of these, the "1921" is undeniably the finest wine ever shipped by "Piper." It is a little drier than the "1919" vintage, but has more body, and it cannot fail to please the most fastidious taste. There is also the Non-Vintage Brand, which Messrs. Piper-Heidsieck brought on to the market last year. Up till then only vintage wines had been shipped to this country, but the heavy inroads which popular taste has caused to the stocks of "1919's" and "1921's" doubtless made the step a wise one. The Non-Vintage is a little higher in price than the Non-Vintage of some other brands, but it is little or nothing behind the quality of the vintage wine itself. Its popularity will make a strong appeal to the connoisseur, and, as the price is moderate, it can be strongly recommended for hunt breakfasts, hunt balls, and similar receptions.



ICE HOCKEY AT THE ICE STADIUM AT ST. MORITZ

The illustration seen above is reproduced from the official Winter Sports programme for 1930-31 for St. Moritz. This tastefully produced and copiously illustrated brochure contains the fullest information concerning the winter sports, hotels and pensions, etc., at the famous Engadine resort

For Garden Lovers

Instead of the usual type of catalogue, Messrs. James Carter and Co., the famous seedsmen, of Raynes Park, S.W.20, have issued a very attractively produced volume entitled *The Blue Book of Gardening*. Its four hundred pages are devoted to all aspects of gardening and flowers; vegetables, lawns, and tools are all discussed in full detail, and many illustrations in both colour and tone of flowers, vegetables, etc., are to be found, and many highly useful hints are included, as well as the full details of the new season's bulbs and seeds of this famous firm.

Elche, Spain.

Granada, Spain.
Partial view of the Alhambra.

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Peñiscola, Spain.
General View.

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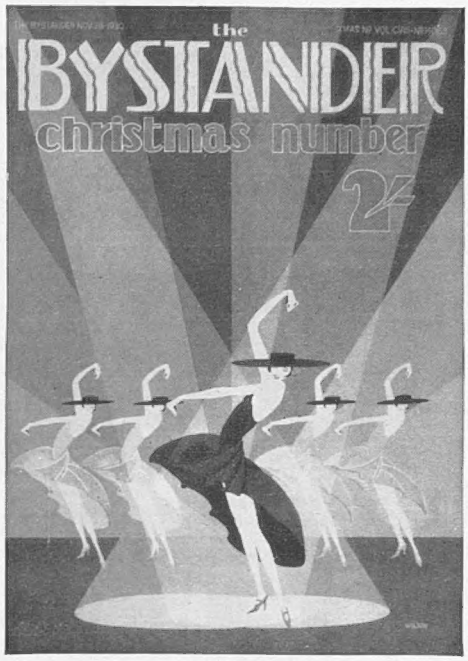

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QUICKLY! OR YOU MAY BE TOO LATE

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